

WORK AND WIN

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No. 737.

NEW YORK, JANUARY 17, 1913.

Price 5 Cents.

FRED FEARNOT'S PLUCK OR HIS RACE TO SAVE A LIFE

AND OTHER STORIES

By Hal. Standish



By an effort, he reached the horse's head and grasped the bit, on the very brink of the hole cut by the icemen. He gave a short, sharp jerk on the bit, which caused the horse to throw his head up.

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FRED FEARNOT'S PLUCK

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HIS RACE TO SAVE A LIFE

By. HAL STANDISH

CHAPTER I.

FRED FEARNOT DISCUSSES HIS FUTURE WITH HIS FATHER,
AND THEN WRITES A LETTER.

"Fred, my son," said Judge Fearnot, to his hopeful offspring, one evening, in the library of his sumptuous home in the city of New York, "you have finished your course at school now, and must be looking to your future."

"Yes, father," he replied, "I'm getting pretty well along in years now, although I haven't yet started a beard or mustache, and in this fast age I suppose a boy has to begin to hustle, so he can retire to private life by the time he is old enough to vote."

His father looked at him a bit suspiciously out of the corner of his eye, and remarked:

"That is rather early for one to retire to private life. If you think you are going to finish your career at that early age, you'd better not begin it."

"Oh, I have already begun it," laughed Fred.

"You have, eh? What career have you chosen for yourself?"

"Well, I'm not fully decided, father, whether to remain the son of my father, or be a governor or a senator, or maybe President of the United States."

"Well, if you aspire to those positions, the law requires before you can be a governor or a senator or a President, that you shall be a good deal older than the limit you set for yourself to retire to private life. Perhaps you'd better run a blue pencil through that part of the map of the future and try something else," and the judge was a little sarcastic in his tone, as he made the suggestion.

"Yes," replied Fred, a broad smile spreading over his face, "it's a problem that puzzles me, and I don't think I can solve it until after the holidays."

"I guess you'd better settle that before then, and start with the new year," suggested the judge, "so that in figuring up at the end of it, you can find out how much of the year you have utilized in trying to make something of yourself."

"Oh, don't spoil my fun for the holidays, father," he answered, "for I want to wind up the old year with a whoop and begin the new one with a hurrah."

"Yes, I understand. I was a boy once myself and know that the hardest work of my whole life was at the beginning of my career, for I had to fight my way up without any assistance, and if you want the benefit of my experience you can have it, but it will do you no good unless you avail yourself of it."

"You can bet your life I will, father, for you have made a splendid success, and I'll be very much ashamed of myself if I can't do as well."

"That's right, that's right," said the judge. "You have plenty of pluck and energy and a far better education than I had at your age. I'm not disposed to put you to the hard grind until you have seen a little more of life, but I would like to have you bear in mind that you must gradually prepare yourself for the task of carving out a name and position in the world, even while you are enjoying yourself with physical and mental sport. So far as I can see, you have acquired no bad habits, except a disposition to joke when you should be serious. If you wish to travel and see some of the world before settling down to business, I will settle an allowance upon you that will enable you to do so. But what I wish to impress upon your mind is, that while you are enjoying yourself, you should at the same time be acquiring knowledge and experience that will be of benefit to you in a business career."

"That is the very thing that I am fond of doing, father, and I'm satisfied that I've inherited that very temperament from you, for I've often heard mother say, when I would say or do certain things, 'Now, that's just like your father.'"

The judge chuckled, and finally broke into a hearty laugh, in which Fred joined him.

"You're right, my boy, for I've often heard her say the same thing myself, and let me tell you something for your guidance—don't ever flatter yourself that you can fool your mother, for she knows both of us a great deal better than we know ourselves, and there's another little bit of wisdom that would be well enough for you to store away in your knowledge box—that a wife generally gets a thorough knowledge of her husband long before he begins to understand her."

Both father and son laughed heartily, which the mother,

who was in another room, hearing, came in to see what it was about.

"Say, mother," cried Fred, "father's been telling on you."

"What's he been telling?" his mother asked.

"Oh, he's been giving me a little advice about women."

"Oh, he has, eh? Perhaps I had better give you some advice about men."

"Oh, I know all about the men!" laughed Fred. "It's the girls that puzzle me."

"Well, the less you have to do with girls until you are a few years older the better it will be for you. But what's father been telling you about me?"

"Oh, it wasn't anything specific. We've been talking about what my future is to be, and all he said about you was that I'd make a mistake if I ever let the idea get into my head that I could fool you."

Mrs. Fearnot laughed, patted the judge on the head and remarked:

"Giving him the benefit of your experience, eh?"

"Yes," laughed the judge.

"Oh, I didn't need it," put in Fred. "I found that out ten years ago. I knew that I had not only the best mother in the world, but one of the sharpest and brightest." And with that he put his arms around his mother's neck and kissed her.

"Oh, yes," laughed the judge, "and you found out also that with a little bit of praise and flattery you can get away with her every time. Hanged if I don't believe you know how to manage a woman better than I do."

"Oh, all I know about managing women is what I've seen at home," laughed Fred. "I've found out that the best way to manage a woman is never to let her know that you are trying to manage her at all; for in that case she'll kick every time. If you want to have your way about things you've got to love and pet her and let her think she's having her way all the time."

"Oh, you rogue!" laughed his mother.

"There's a big chunk of wisdom in that," remarked the judge; "but I have been so busy in my career that I've had but little time to play the lover."

"That is the mistake all business men make," said Mrs. Fearnot, "for a husband should never cease to be a lover; a wife is never so old that she cannot appreciate the lover-like actions of her husband. And, now, father, what are we to do with Fred?"

"Let him see life and enjoy himself, whilst gradually working his way up to the point where he is to enter a business career when he becomes of age."

"What do you wish to be, Fred, a business or a professional man?"

"I don't know yet, mother, but you can rest assured that I'm not going to turn out a man of leisure, for I've got pluck and energy and ambition enough to keep me out of that sort of thing, and I think I have self-respect enough to avoid anything that would make my parents ashamed of me."

"Oh, we have most implicit confidence in your good judgment," remarked the judge. "so pitch in and enjoy yourself to your heart's content."

"All right," laughed Fred. "I'm going to send for Terry, or else run up and pay him a visit."

"Send for him," suggested his mother, "and have him spend the holidays with us, for I certainly will not consent to have you go away from home until after New Year's."

"That's just the case with his mother," laughed Fred. "I tried to get him to come home with me from the academy. Both he and his sister have written, begging me to spend the holidays with them."

"Well, you don't go," said Mrs. Fearnot, with a good deal of firmness in her tone.

So it was settled that Fred was to spend his holidays at home with his parents. Friends and relatives were not lacking, so it was a continuous round of pleasure for him. But after the holidays had passed and the gayety of the season had somewhat subsided, time began to hang heavy on his hands. Of course, there was no lack of amusement in the great city, but Fred's animal spirits were such that he was not satisfied to simply attend theaters and laugh at the performances, or to visit the gymnasium to perfect his already splendidly developed physical strength. He longed for the excitement of adventure. At one time he thought of taking a trip around the world, or of getting up a party of friends for an elephant hunt in India, or an excursion to the Gulf of Mexico to indulge in the exciting sport of tarpon fishing. Finally he sat down and wrote to his chum, Terry Olcott, at his home, up at Fredonia, and here is his letter:

"MY DEAR TERRY: I am tired of doing nothing and want some one to help me. It's a bigger job than I thought it was, and knowing your tremendous skill in such work, I must ask you to come to my assistance at once. You are a past master in all the arts of indolence, can eat more and do less, talk more and say less, live longer and think less, and play the idiot to more perfection than any one I know of. So pack up your trunk and come down without delay. If you can muster up energy sufficient to do so, kiss your mother and sister for me and say to them that I will look after your moral and physical health while you are with me.

Yours sincerely,

"FRED."

A couple of days later he received a reply from Terry, pretty much in the same strain:

"DEAR FRED," it ran, "Yours to hand, and finds me so tired doing nothing that I was compelled to hire a fellow to read it for me. It seems impossible for me to get to the train to reach you, unless carried in a hearse. The boys and girls up here are all indulging in out-door sports, and they say the skating is fine. Instead of my going to you, have an expressman to ship you up here. We can easily hire somebody to hold us up, while we skate, which we will have to do if you feel as tired doing nothing as I do. The vain beauty whose life you saved last summer is longing to see you, but if you feel as tired as I do, there'll be no trouble about hiring another fellow to kiss her for you. It make no difference with her, as long as she's kissed, and if you think no more of her than I do, it won't make any difference with you who does the kissing. If you'll get somebody to write for you again, tell me what train you

will arrive on. I think I can find somebody who will meet you at the station with a wagon, and I suppose the train hands will take you off and set you in it, if you feel too tired to get out yourself. I heard father read in the paper last night (I was too tired to read it myself) that a great skating tournament was to come off next week, out on the lake, where the ice is said to be a foot thick, clear of snow, and so slick that tired boys, like you and I, can slide from one end of it to the other, if we hire somebody to give us a shove. So, get somebody to ship you at once.

"Yours till death,

"TERRY."

Fred laughed heartily over Terry's letter and gave it to his mother to read.

"He must be awfully tired," she laughed.

"I guess he is," assented Fred, "and I think I'd better go up there and stir him up a bit. Besides, I'd like to take part in that skating tournament, for that is a sport that I am passionately fond of. All the champion skaters for a hundred miles around will be there, and if any of them can beat my mother's son on the skates, I'd like to meet him. So, if you don't put your veto on it, mother, I'll run up there for a week or two."

"Go ahead," said Mrs. Fearnot, "and after the tournament bring him down here, and his sister, too, if she will come."

"I'm glad you said that, mother," remarked Fred, "for Evelyn is a nice girl and as bright as sunshine."

A day or two later found Fred on his way to Fredonia to join his chum and classmate, Terry Olcott. He had been there before, so was not surprised when a dozen young people met him at the station to welcome him. Terry and his sister were there with the carriage.

A general handshaking took place out on the platform of the station, after which he entered the carriage with Terry and Evelyn.

"Great Scott, Terry, you're looking badly; what's the matter with you?" said Fred, as soon as the carriage started off.

"It's the effect of doing nothing, old man," replied Terry. "You look like a corpse. How in thunder did you get away from the undertaker?"

"Oh, hush such talk as that," laughed Evelyn. "You two boys never looked better in your lives."

"That's an optical illusion, Miss Evelyn," replied Fred. "I am simply alive by strength of will, whilst Terry, I guess, is living because he is afraid to sleep alone in the ground of nights."

"Oh, I suppose you think I'm dead, too, don't you?" exclaimed Evelyn.

"Well, I must say you do look like an angel," replied Fred, looking her straight in the face, whereupon Terry exploded with a guffaw, remarking:

"That's one on you, sis."

CHAPTER II.

FRED PAYS A VISIT TO A CLASSMATE.

On reaching the home of the Olcotts, Fred received such a hearty welcome from the family that it really made him feel moist about his eyes. He had been thoughtful enough

to fill an extra satchel with presents for every member of the family, including the stableman who looked after the horses in the barnyard. For Terry's mother he brought a splendid silk scarf; for Evelyn a box of gloves and the finest pair of skates that could be had in the metropolis; a box of fine cigars for Mr. Olcott, and for the children, toys innumerable.

The skates he had brought Evelyn fitted her pretty feet to perfection. They were silver-plated and of the finest steel, whilst the shape and finish exceeded anything ever before seen in that part of the country. She was so elated over the possession of them she carried them about the house in her hands half the day, just as her little sisters carried their toys and playthings. Terry twitted her about it, and she frankly owned up that she was just tickled to death over them, and nearly crazy to let the other girls see them.

"Oh, yes," laughed Terry, "every girl in town will see them before you've had them three days."

"Well, it won't be my fault if they don't," she replied. "I'm only afraid that Sadie Stevens will actually hurt herself through sheer envy when she sees them."

Sadie was the vain beauty to whom Terry alluded in his letter to Fred. She was the prettiest girl in the town, as well as the greatest flirt. She was popular with the young men, but very unpopular with the girls. On a former visit during school vacation, Fred had been fortunate enough to save her life when the Stevens residence was burned down. It was a daring, perilous exploit, that gave him a great reputation throughout all that section of the State, and Sadie made a dead set at him to win him afterwards, knowing that his father was a man of wealth. But somehow she was not the kind of a girl to capture a boy like Fred, who saw a great deal more to admire in the less beautiful Evelyn Olcott.

"I'll bet Fred bought a present for her," remarked Terry.

"Did you, Fred?" Evelyn asked, looking up quickly at him.

"Not a thing," answered Fred. "I brought nothing for any one outside of this family," and as he spoke he took up a little three-year-old child in his arms, placed it on his shoulders and went trotting around the room, an act that greatly pleased the happy mother.

"Are you very fond of children?" Mrs. Olcott asked him.

"Yes, when they are good," he laughed, "but not when they are bad."

"That's me," laughed Terry. "We've got the best flock in the town, when they are asleep, but when the concert begins I have to skip out, although I'm very fond of music. There seems to be a lack of harmony sometimes, and I never could stand a jarring note."

"Oh, now, brother," remonstrated Evelyn, "they are the best children in the world, and they don't cry half as much as some that I know of."

"You're right, Miss Evelyn," said Fred. "and I told mother, when I went home last summer, that they were the best children I ever saw, and that's why I got these toys for them. I am willing to play horse for the whole

crowd any time. And, by the way, Miss Evelyn, speaking of horses, how is your pony?"

"Oh, he's all right," she laughed, "one of the dearest, best little horses in the world."

"Do you still feed him sugar?"

"Yes, every day."

"And does he thank you for it?"

"Oh, my!" she laughed, "I haven't heard him talk any since that day."

She was still ignorant of Fred's ventriloquial powers, and how, one day in the barn, he had made her pony thank her for a lump of sugar.

A little later, Fred, Terry and Evelyn went out to the barn to look at the horses, where Fred renewed old acquaintanceship with them, and during the whole time they were there Evelyn was telling him all the news of things that happened since his former visit. She was one of the most companionable girls he had ever met, as she had a jolly way about her that was in complete harmony with his own. She could tell a story well, and laugh as heartily at a joke as he could.

While they were talking there in the barn, one of the little children ran in to tell Evelyn that Mary Hamilton was in the house.

"Then you must excuse me, Fred," said Evelyn.

"Yes," laughed Terry; "run and show Mary your skates."

"Of course I will," she laughed, and she hurried away to the house, whither Terry and Fred soon followed.

On Fred's former visit he found Terry very much smitten with Mary Hamilton and she with him, but he knew that when they left school, just before the holidays, Terry was deeply in love with one of the High School girls, whom he had met during the two great boat races between the academy crew and the Avon Club.

Just before they entered the house, Terry whispered to Fred:

"Say, old man, not a word now about that High School girl."

"Oh, no; mum's the word," said Fred. "I won't give you away."

"If you do there'll be murder or suicide," asserted Terry, "for not a soul here knows anything about it but you."

"All right; rest easy," and then they entered the house where Mary gave Fred a cordial greeting, and they sat down together to talk over the pleasant times of his former visit.

"What a beautiful pair of skates you brought Evelyn," she remarked. "They are the finest I ever saw."

"Ah, indeed; I was in despair while looking for them, for I wanted the best and finest that could be had, and I did not think that these were really fine enough for her."

"Oh, my, Evelyn!" exclaimed Mary. "What a compliment!"

"Yes," laughed Evelyn, "the scientific world will never be able to produce anything as fine as his compliments. These skates are beauties, the finest I ever saw, but his compliments beat them every time. Yet I prefer the skates."

"Oh, that's just like a girl," said Terry. "They don't

care a snap for a fellow's compliments. They always want something they can use."

"Then why don't you act on it?" retorted his sister.

"There, now, old man; there's one on you," laughed Fred. "You don't seem to understand girls as well as I do, and I haven't got any sister, either."

"No," retorted Terry, "but you have a knack of getting after other fellows' sisters, which I haven't."

"Tell that to the marines," laughed Fred; "there's a dozen girls in Avon now, crying their eyes out about you."

"Hanged if I don't sue you for slander!"

"All right, do," returned Fred, "and in open court I'd give you dead away."

"Go on, go on," laughed Evelyn. "If you two boys get to quarreling, we girls will find out a great many things we want to know."

"Then I haven't another word to say," remarked Fred, holding his hand tightly over his mouth.

"Ditto," said Terry, clapping his hand up to his mouth, and both walked around the room in that attitude for a minute or two, to the very great amusement of the two girls.

Before Mary returned home she and Evelyn accepted an invitation from the two boys to go skating the next day. Terry had asked Mary, whilst Fred was to be Evelyn's escort.

The next day they went out to the skating pond, where nearly half a hundred of the young people of the town were skimming over the ice, while merry laughter rang out on the frosty air. Fred was received with a great deal of cordiality, every one coming up to shake hands with him. Of course, all the girls had to inspect Evelyn's skates, and, just as she said, all of them envied her, whilst some were really vexed. Sadie Stevens was there and she scarcely deigned to look at them; but she gave Fred smiles sweet enough to make several of her admirers beside themselves with jealousy. While he was extremely polite and even cordial towards her, he offered her no attention whatever, simply congratulating her on her good health and rosy cheeks. Then he turned and knelt at Evelyn's feet and carefully fastened the new skates on them, after which he led her out on the ice and both went skimming away like a pair of lovers. Both were skilful skaters and soon they were half a mile away from the others, going hand-in-hand over the smooth, glassy surface of the frozen pond. Finally they turned and made their way back to the others, where they indulged in a great deal of fancy skating. Evelyn's bright skates flashed in the sunlight as though made of the purest diamonds. They seemed to have been made specially for her little feet, and the way she danced and whirled and laughed, really made many of the girls envious. But she was one of those girls who made and kept friends, for there was not a particle of selfishness about her.

"Say, Evelyn," said Fred, "let's have a dance on the skates."

"All right," she laughed, and he put an arm around her waist, held her hand with the other, and went waltzing away off, gliding, skimming over the ice so gracefully that all the skaters stopped to watch them. Then they waltzed back and stopped, as the exercise had fatigued her not a little.

"Oh, Mr. Fearnot!" cried Sadie Stevens, "do please teach me how to dance on skates!"

"Certainly," replied Fred, "but you must have permission of Miss Evelyn."

"Oh, Evelyn, you won't mind?" said Sadie.

"Oh, no: not in the least," replied Evelyn, who good-naturedly gave way for her.

Fred led her out from the crowd, and while she was a skilful dancer on the floor, she was very far from being one on the ice. In less than a couple of minutes she managed to trip him, and they both fell heavily, evoking screams of laughter from the spectators.

"I beg your pardon," said Fred, apologizing.

"Oh, it's my fault," she replied. "I am not hurt, so we'll go on with the lesson. I really must learn how to dance on skates."

"Well," he replied, "you shouldn't try to learn it all at one time, for another fall may break something."

"Oh, you ought to know," she laughed, "that I'm not very easy to break."

"Yes, I know," he replied, "but falling on the ice is very different from falling on the ground, or on a floor."

"Well, you must hold to me and not let me fall."

"Oh, they'll accuse me of hugging you, if I do that," he laughed.

"Oh, that's all right, hug as hard as you please. I want to make some of those other fellows jealous."

"There you go," he retorted, "a true daughter of Eve, playing with men's hearts as though they were toys. It's a very wicked thing to do, Miss Sadie;" and he again placed his arm around her waist, and went waltzing over the smooth, glassy surface with her, until they were quite a distance from the crowd. Then she wanted to go skating way over to the other side, nearly a mile away.

"No, we must go back, Miss Sadie."

"Why, what for?" she asked.

"Why, I must return to Evelyn. She loaned me to you for a lesson in dancing, and not to go skating so far away."

"Oh, she won't mind. There are plenty of other young men there to skate with her."

"That won't do, Miss Sadie. I am not the man to ask the pleasure of a lady's company to go anywhere and then neglect her. Come, we must return." And he seized her hand and started back on the return. She exerted all her fascinations to switch him off in another direction and to keep him by her side, but he successfully resisted every effort, and when he returned he made her a very courteous bow and went to Evelyn, who was surrounded by a party of girls and young men, laughing and chatting at a lively rate.

"Now, I am at your service again, Evelyn," he said.

"All right," she laughed, in a good-natured way, "I am rested now, and we'll go clear across the pond." And with that they started off and during the entire afternoon they remained together.

"How came you to let Sadie fall?" she asked him.

"Bless you," he laughed, "she tripped me up. She's as awkward as a camel."

"Why, she is considered a very graceful dancer."

"Yes, on the floor, but not on the ice. But, of course, it won't do for you to let her know that I said so."

"Oh, no danger!" she laughed; "I'm not given to making trouble for other people. But the other girls are not so particular, for they made all sorts of remarks about her coming up and asking me to let you go off skating with her. Of course, I wouldn't have refused for anything, but before I would go up and ask a girl for her escort I would stay at home all the days of my life."

"Oh, she's an arrant flirt," remarked Fred. "She thinks she has a perfect right to play fast and loose with everybody. I appreciate your little finger, Evelyn, more than a whole carload of such girls, and so do all other level-headed young men, but she doesn't seem to know it."

When they returned to the pavilion where the skaters had congregated, Evelyn's cheeks glowed like roses, whilst her eyes sparkled and flashed as she laughed and talked with him and others. She was very happy in the possession of a pair of the finest skates ever seen there, to say nothing of the devoted attention of the youth whom all the girls present so much admired.

"Say, Fearnot," called out a stalwart young man with a tawny mustache, who was one among several of Sadie Stevens' admirers, "I'll wager the finest pair of skates that can be bought that I can beat you in a race across to the other shore and back."

"I'll go you," replied Fred, promptly, and the next moment there was great excitement among the spectators.

CHAPTER III.

WHAT HAPPENED ON THE ICE.

The challenger was named Hugh Coleman.

Fred had made his acquaintance on his former visit, but had not become intimate with him, because neither Terry nor Evelyn liked him. He was regarded as the champion skater of Fredonia, and perhaps he was, for he was of athletic build, strong and active, with an enormous bump of egotism on his cranium.

Fred, however, had perfect confidence in himself in nearly everything he undertook to do. He was conscious of a tremendous reserve force that had several times stood him in need, and on this occasion he was satisfied that if he didn't beat Coleman he would make him a very tired man before the race was over.

As soon as he accepted the challenge for the race he sat down to tighten the straps to his skates, and to brace himself up generally for the contest. Evelyn went to him, leaned over, and in a half whisper, asked:

"Fred, are you sure you can beat him?"

"I don't know a thing about his skating," he replied, "neither does he know anything about what I can do, but he's got to go like an arrow to beat me, and if I win I'm going to demand a pair of skates that will match yours."

"My, what will you do with another pair of lady's skates?" she asked.

"Why, make a present of them to some lady; and I'll let you name her, too."

"Oh, you dear, good boy!" she exclaimed.

As soon as he was braced for the race, Fred called out:

"Now, let's have an understanding about this wager. Mr. Coleman bets the finest pair of skates that can be bought in the State, that he can beat me to the other shore and back. Do you all understand that? I don't want any dispute about it."

"Oh, yes; we all understand it!" sang out several.

"Very well. Now, about the skates. Evelyn Olcott has got on a pair of the finest skates that can be found in the State, and we'll make another pair just like them the wager."

"All right," said Coleman. "I've got a little girl just waiting for a pair of skates like those," and he looked around at Sadie Stevens as he spoke, and the vain beauty giggled and laughed, as though she was certain that no other but she could have been meant.

"All right," laughed Fred. "I'll see that your little girl don't get them," and then the smile left Sadie's face, but she said nothing.

They started off in fine style. Both were splendid skaters, and all the way across the pond they seemed to be abreast of each other. They touched the shore on the farther side, and then started on the return. Of course, every eye was riveted upon them, for it was a sport of which every one at the pavilion was inordinately fond of.

As the two were skimming along over the ice Fred cracked jokes, told stories and otherwise exerted himself to amuse his competitor, who was exerting every muscle to forge ahead, but he held on to him, laughing and chatting, as though skating was the easiest thing in the world for him.

When on their way back, Fred remarked:

"I'd like to try you on a fifty-mile race, Coleman."

"You can't skate fifty miles," replied the other.

"Oh, yes, I can. I can go a hundred without once stopping."

"Well, you can blow, anyway," returned Coleman.

"Oh, I'm not blowing," laughed Fred.

"Yes, you are. You couldn't skate a hundred miles without stopping to rest to save your life. I'm as good at skating as you are, and I know that I couldn't do it."

"You're a pretty good skater," laughed Fred, "but your abilities in that line don't come up to your opinion of yourself."

"They don't, eh?"

"No, they don't."

"Well, just reserve your opinion until we get across, will you?" suggested Coleman.

"All right; anything to oblige you," returned Fred, good-naturedly; "but I'll give you a few points in skating before we get there, and I hope you won't get angry about it."

"Oh, no; go ahead with your points."

"Well, here goes," laughed Fred; and with that he shot forward like an arrow, forging nearly ten paces ahead of his competitor, crossed his path, and circled completely around him, coming up abreast of him again, asking:

"How's that?"

Coleman was white in the face, for it was a feat that was farthest from his conception of any one in the world to do. For three years he had worn the laurel as a champion skater of the county, and here was a youth making

circles around him, while he was doing his best in a straight line.

Seeing that he wouldn't talk any farther, Fred began waltzing, going through all the figures, while at the same time keeping abreast of Coleman. Then he would dart forward and make another circle around him, and all the time they were drawing nearer to the pavilion, where between fifty and sixty young people were gazing at them. When within about an eighth of a mile of the pavilion, they could hear the shouts of laughter coming over the frozen surface of the pond.

"Stop your monkey business," Coleman hissed, "or I'll smash your head."

"Oh, if you're getting mad about it," laughed Fred. "I won't stay with you," and with that he shot forward like an arrow, straight for the pavilion, which he reached about a hundred yards in advance of his competitor.

"The skates are yours, Evelyn," he laughed.

"Oh, my," she replied, "I don't need two pairs. Fred; give them to Mary Hamilton."

"All right, but as you are my girl for the day, I'm in honor bound to give them to you; yet if you are satisfied, they are Mary's."

Coleman came up in a towering rage, not so much that he was beaten, but because Fred had danced with him and circled around him, making him the laughing stock of the whole crowd.

"Say, Hugh," called out Terry, in a tantalizing tone of voice, "who's the little girl that was to get those skates?"

"Oh, that's all right," returned Coleman, "she'll get them all the same. I acknowledge that I was beaten, but didn't expect any monkey business."

"Beaten by a monkey, eh?" laughed Terry.

"Yes, a regular ape."

"For heaven's sake, give him some soothing syrup," laughed Fred, who was determined not to take offense at anything that was said, "or else hire somebody who can teach him how to skate."

"Well, I don't want any lesson from you," retorted Coleman, almost beside himself with rage.

"All the same you just had one," retorted Fred. "I'll bet you another pair of skates that I can skate backwards and you forward and beat you. So if you love your little girl, there's a chance for you."

"I don't want anything more to do with you," said Coleman, at which the crowd roared with laughter.

"Say, Fearnot," sang out another young man in the crowd, "you can't skate backwards across there and beat me."

"Well, I didn't say that I could, but if you've got a little girl who wants a pair of skates, I'll give you a chance to win them for her."

"All right; I'll go you!"

"Well, see here now—will you pay if you lose?"

"Yes. What did those skates cost?"

"Thirty-five dollars," replied Fred.

"All right! I guess I'm good for thirty-five dollars."

"Oh, my!" cried several of the girls; "did those skates really cost that much?" and they crowded around Evelyn to look at her skates again.

"Every penny of it," said Fred. "I wouldn't think of giving my girl a pair of cheap skates."

Evelyn blushed, laughed and looked happy.

His second competitor was Tom Hallock, who was a good-looking, good-natured, jolly kind of a fellow, and when they started off Fred shot about fifty feet ahead of him, thus facing him, and he kept that distance all the way across, beckoning to him to come on, waving his handkerchief at him, and telling him to hurry up. Then he would shoot back, pass around behind him; and then shoot ahead of him again, still facing him. When they reached the other side, Hallock laughed and said:

"Fearnot, I give it up. You beat anything I ever saw on skates. If I could do what you can I could make ten thousand dollars a season with the greatest ease. I've got a few hundred dollars in the bank, and I'll give you every penny of it if you can coach me up to what you can do."

"Don't think I could do it," laughed Fred.

"Why not?"

"Because I don't think you are capable of it."

"How in thunder did you learn then?"

"Simply by practice. Nobody coached me. I've been very fond of skating ever since I was ten years old, and I practiced all sorts of tricks and often tried to see what was the best I could do. Coleman is mad as a hornet, and is about one hundred degrees removed from being a gentleman."

"Oh, he's a silly sort of a fellow," returned Hallock, "who thinks he is about fifty times as big as he is."

"Well, come ahead, let's go back," said Fred. And they started back again, Fred keeping about fifty feet ahead, circling around him several times, finally landing at the pavilion an easy winner.

"There's another pair of skates for you, Evelyn," he laughed.

"All right," she replied; "I'll keep them till Elsie is large enough to use them."

Elsie was one of her little sisters, a blue-eyed beauty of eight summers.

"Any other fellow in the crowd got a little girl he wants to win a pair of skates for?" Fred called out.

"Guess not," laughed one of the boys.

"Here's one!" sang out another, "but you'll have to hold the skates in your hands, with your feet up in the air, before I'll skate with you."

"Not on your life," laughed Fred. "I wouldn't think of turning myself upside down here, before all these ladies."

Screams of laughter followed, after which there was a general removing of skates as the young people prepared to return to their homes.

Coleman, who had not brought any girl there, had already left, and some one remarked to Fred that he was very angry, because he had circled around him in the race.

"Sorry," returned Fred. "He doesn't seem to appreciate a joke when it's on himself."

"Very few people do," remarked Terry, "but they say that all is fair in love or war."

"Oh, there's neither war nor love mixed up in this," replied Fred. "It is simply sport. If I hurt his feelings,

I didn't mean to do it. I'm perfectly willing to be forgiven. I hope, though, he won't forget to buy the skates. I will send him the address of the dealer in New York, so that he will have no trouble about it."

"See here, Fearnot," sang out Hallock. "I'll send you a check in the morning, so you can get the skates yourself."

"All right," laughed Fred, and the parties left the skating pond and returned home.

"Oh, Mary!" exclaimed Evelyn, on the way back, "we'll each have the finest pair of skates in the town. I'm so glad you will have a pair just like mine."

"So am I," laughed Mary; "but I don't believe that Mr. Coleman is going to get a pair like yours."

"He'll have to," remarked Fred, "or they'll be returned to him."

"Oh, do please don't have any trouble about it," pleaded Mary; "for he feels sore enough over his defeat, anyway."

"Don't you say a word," returned Fred. "He's got to pay that bet, or I'll make trouble for him, for we have about fifty witnesses that the skates were to match Evelyn's."

That night, Fred wrote a polite note to Coleman, inclosing the address of the dealer in New York, together with the measurement of Evelyn's skates, stating that he would pay the expressage on them himself, as that was not included in the bet. It was sealed, addressed and sent to the post office. Coleman made no reply to the note, but four days later the skates came by express, in a little box, addressed to Fred, and were an exact duplicate of Evelyn's."

"Yes; they're all right," he said, as he examined them. "He has paid up like a man, while he behaved like a spoiled boy on the ice."

"Say, Fred," said Terry, "there'll be some champion skaters at the tournament, and you'll be sure of challenges from some of them, so you'd better put yourself in trim for it."

"Oh, I don't need any training, for when I get a pair of skates on my feet, I seem to feel like a bird with wings. There are a great many better skaters than I, but there's no man living who can enjoy the sport more. How far is it to the lake?" he asked.

"Oh, it's about fifteen miles north of here, and one end of it almost touches the Hudson River. There are huge ice houses along its shores, where hundreds of icemen are kept busy cutting ice, when it is as thick as the owners of the ice houses think that it is going to be during the season. They say it's nearly a foot thick now, and I heard that some ice had been cut at the lower end of it, but that the tournament committee put a stop to it the other day, until after the tournament is over. There'll be thousands of people there to see it, and I guess we will have no end of fun."

CHAPTER IV.

FRED AND HIS FRIENDS ATTEND A TOURNAMENT ON THE ICE.

When Mary Hamilton received the skates Fred had won from Hugh Coleman, she was perhaps the happiest girl in the town. Fred, Terry and Evelyn went over to present them to her, and when she received them she

poured out her thanks to Fred in her modest, maidenly way, but he interrupted her, saying:

"Bless your dimples, Miss Mary, they are not a present from me, but from Evelyn."

"Oh, dear!" she exclaimed, "is that so? I thought they were from you."

"No. I won them, and had I won fifty pairs that day they would have all belonged to Evelyn."

"Why, how is that?" asked Mrs. Hamilton.

"She was my girl for that day, and for that reason they belong to her. A gentleman could not do otherwise under such circumstances. She told me to give them to Miss Mary, but, of course, it was a present from her, just the same. The other pair I've won will probably be here tomorrow, and they are hers to do as she pleases with."

"Well, I wish all the young men in Fredonia had your ideas about such things," remarked Mrs. Hamilton.

"Say, Evelyn," whispered Mary, when they were in another room, "I hear that Sadie was in a perfect rage."

"What about?"

"Oh, she won't say, but they think it's because Fred didn't present her with the skates that he won from Hugh Coleman. She speaks cross to everybody, and they say that her mother is completely out of patience with her. Hasn't Fred been around there to see her yet?"

"No, not yet, and he won't if I can prevent him."

"Oh, you shouldn't stop him, if he wishes to go," returned Mary, who was tender-hearted enough to forgive even the author of original sin.

"Oh, he doesn't want to go," said Evelyn.

"Are you sure of that?"

"Yes, I am. I know that he doesn't like her at all. He was really disgusted at her coming up to me out on the pond, and asking him to teach her to dance on skates, for it was a very improper thing for a lady to do. It would have been all right had he not been engaged at the time.

He had to suggest to her to ask my permission before he would comply with her request."

"My!" ejaculated Mary. "She doesn't seem to have any good sense at all."

"Oh, she has been spoiled and petted until she is simply unbearable."

"Is she going to the tournament?"

"Really, I don't know; but, of course, she wouldn't miss it for anything in the world. There are plenty of young men who will offer to take her."

An excursion train was to run from Fredonia on the day of the tournament, and return late in the evening somewhere near midnight. There was a full moon at the time, and the great carnival on the ice in the moonlight was to wind up the day's sport. Naturally such a programme was well calculated to draw young people from the towns and villages, from fifty to a hundred miles around. So early on the morning of the day, more than fifty couples boarded the train at the station in Fredonia, amply supplied with provisions for the trip.

Fred had charge of Evelyn, and Terry escorted Mary Hamilton. Each of the girls had their beautiful skates, which they did not take pains to wrap up and conceal from sight, as did nearly all the others. To their aston-

ishment, however, they saw Sadie Stevens with Maurice Haygood, carrying a pair of skates, precisely like theirs.

"Oh, Sadie!" exclaimed Mary, "you've got a pair of skates like ours!"

"Yes," replied Sadie. "You are not the only girls who get handsome presents."

"Who gave them to you, Sadie?"

"Oh, that's a secret," she replied, trying to look mysterious. "The truth is, I was presented with two pair, and now I daren't let either of the young men know but what it's his pair I'm wearing whenever I go skating."

"Oh, you wicked flirt," laughed Evelyn, and just then the train started off with as merry a party as ever left the station.

It was but a little over a half hour's run from Fredonia to the lake, so they were soon landed there. Hundreds had already preceded them, and from some of them Fred and Terry learned that one of the great ice houses was being used to store the baskets of provisions for the visitors, each of which was to be marked and checked, so that no mistake would be made when they were called for. They took their baskets there, turned them over to one of the men in charge, and then rejoined the girls, ready for any sport that might turn up.

"Say, girls," said Fred, "I've never been here before, and I'm naturally anxious to see all that is to be seen. The lake is certainly a beautiful sheet of water, and when the hills around it are in summer foliage it must be charming. I understand the lake is about six miles long. What do you say to putting on the skates and taking a spin down to the other end of it?"

"I'm afraid that's too far for us," said Mary Hamilton, who was by no means as robust a girl as Evelyn.

"Oh, that's only a short run," said Terry.

"Well, you two run down there and we'll wait till you come back," said Evelyn, who preferred to remain with the crowd and see the others as they came in.

"All right, Terry," said Fred; "come ahead," and they went down to the shore of the lake, following along a macadamized road, that for a half mile or more lay right at the water's edge. There they put on their skates and started off. Terry was a good skater himself and kept up with Fred, who set the pace at about ten miles an hour.

"This must be a splendid place for fishing, Terry," remarked Fred, as he skimmed along over the smooth surface of the ice.

"Oh, it's a fine place for picnic fishing," laughed Terry, "but a very poor one for a man who wants to catch a big string of fish. The truth is, the place is fished to death. Summer visitors in the hotels all over these hills give the fish no chance to grow in this lake."

"Yes, I guess that's so," assented Fred, "but that kind of fishing wouldn't suit me."

"No, it doesn't suit me, either, but people come up here from the city and fish all day long, sometimes for a week, and then if they catch a trout weighing two and one-half or three pounds, they'll brag about it all the rest of the year."

"Yes, I know how that is," laughed Fred, "for I've heard them brag. I once went with father up to Schron Lake, fished eight hours the next day after I got there

and caught one fish, a bass weighing about a pound, and hanged if the people in the hotel didn't call me a great fisherman, but I wasted no more time fishing there. I would take a row in the morning and spend the rest of the day reading at the hotel. I have no patience to fish when the fish are not biting."

Talking thus on the way, the boys soon reached the lower end of the lake, where they found that for a space of nearly a quarter of a mile square, the icemen had been at work gathering the crop. Blocks of ice, some eight or ten inches thick, were scattered about, whilst only a very thin sheet of ice covered the water where the crop had been gathered. *Old days in Kalamazoo*

"Say, Terry," said Fred, "if they don't station somebody along here with lights to-night, when the moonlight carnival takes place, somebody will drop into this water as sure as fate."

"Oh, I guess they'll have watchmen out to prevent that; but the carnival is to take place, I believe, way up at the upper end, near the hotels and the railroad station."

"Yes; but there are always a lot of people in a crowd, who go in for a long spin on the ice, and there'll be a big lot of them here."

"Yes, I know that, but we needn't bother ourselves about them."

"Oh, no; all we've got to do is to look out for the girls and see that they have a good time, so I guess we'd better return and join them."

So they tightened the straps of their skates for the return trip and started off. They made their way back by skirting around on the farther shore, as they wanted to see everything that was worth seeing. As they neared the upper end of the lake, they saw hundreds of people gliding over the ice, on their skates, and merry peals of laughter came from every direction; and they were apprehensive that the two girls had become tired of waiting for them, and were probably on the ice. They skated around, along the shore, to the spot where they started from, looking everywhere for them. After spending nearly a half hour in the search, Fred took off his skates and went up to the railroad station to see if they were there, but they were not, nor could he find any one of the Fredonia crowd about.

He returned to where he had left Terry and there found Sadie Stevens and her partner, who told them that the two girls were out on the ice, skating without any escort. She looked at Fred, and asked:

"Is that the way you treat girls when you bring them out with you?"

"No," he answered, "it's the way they treat us; for they told us we could go down to the lower end of the lake and come back for them. How long have they been out on their skates?"

"Oh, they've been out a half hour or more."

"Here they come," cried Terry, "as he saw the two girls holding each other's hands, gliding gracefully over the ice towards them. Their cheeks were glowing over from the effects of the healthy exercise, while their eyes were sparkling, as they came up smiling."

"By George, Terry," exclaimed Fred, "they are the prettiest girls on the ice to-day."

"You bet they are," returned Terry, who quickly understood that Fred had made the remark for the benefit of Sadie. Evidently the vain beauty didn't appreciate it, for she and her escort started off hand in hand and left them.

"Oh, we've been looking everywhere for you," exclaimed Evelyn.

"Well, we've been looking everywhere for you two," replied Fred. "I've been up on the hill to the station hunting for you."

"We couldn't resist the temptation to put on our skates," said Evelyn, by way of explanation, "and we've had a glorious time."

"Well, it's all right, as long as you didn't get run into and hurt. Let me see if your skates are strapped on safely;" and he knelt on the ice before her, while she placed her foot on his knee, for him to tighten up the straps properly.

Terry performed a similar office for Mary, after which the two couples started out, and attracted a great deal of attention by their graceful skating, as they sped along over the smooth, glassy surface. It was a glorious day, no wind blowing, and the clear, crisp atmosphere seemed to raise the spirits of everybody, for merry peals of laughter were heard all around them. Now and then some awkward skaters would go down and others would tumble over them before they could get out of their way. Sometimes as many as half a dozen would go down in a heap, and now and then some fellow would go limping away to nurse his bruises. Then it was a girl that would be hurt, but still the crowd kept increasing, for they came from all directions, by rail and vehicles of every description.

"Say, Terry," called Fred, "let's get out of this crowd and avoid the possibility of accident. You and Mary keep up with us," and with that he seized Evelyn's hand and away they went, skimming over the ice, nearly a mile away from the thick of the crowd.

"Oh, Fred!" exclaimed Evelyn, "I never enjoyed skating so much in my life."

"I don't think I ever did, either," he replied, "but everybody here to-day seems to be having a good time. But whilst so many are flying about they are bound to run into others and do more or less damage. Did you ever see such a variety of costumes?"

"No, I never did," she laughed, "and some of them seem to be so utterly ridiculous. There goes a couple now. Did you ever see anything more absurd?" and she laughed heartily as a couple sped past them, whose costumes were a combination of colors that bade defiance to both order and good taste.

"Well, they seem to be happy," laughed Fred.

"Happy! Yes," she replied, "they don't know any better."

"Well, as long as they are happy it's all right, I suppose."

"Oh, yes, but it's shocking bad taste to dress that way."

"Whoop!" yelled Fred, "they're both down! Hanged if he didn't go clear over her," and both he and Evelyn fairly screamed with laughter, as they witnessed the mishap of the grotesquely dressed couple.

Hand-in-hand they skated by them, and found that the

girl had been hurt by the fall, as her escort was trying to get her upon her feet.

"Hold on, Evelyn," Fred said. "Let's see if they need any assistance," and they circled around, stopping within a few paces of them, where Fred asked:

"Can I render you any assistance?"

"Yes," said the lady's escort, "kindly help me lift her to her feet."

"Certainly," replied Fred, and he reached down, took hold of the girl's arm and assisted in raising her to her feet, saying as he did so:

"I hope you are not hurt, miss."

"Thank you, but I fear I am, sir," she replied.

Just then there was a great roar in the crowd above them. Cries of alarm and hundreds of people were seen flying in every direction, as though in a panic.

CHAPTER V.

"YOUNG MAN, YOUR PLUCK IS MARVELOUS."

"What in the world can be the matter?" cried Evelyn, as Terry and Mary joined her and Fred; "look how the people are running."

"Great Scott, Fred, look at that!" cried Terry, as he saw coming down towards them through the open space made by the flying crowd, a large iron-gray horse hitched to a magnificent sleigh, in which was seated a woman wrapped in a great robe of fur, screaming at the top of her voice.

The horse was going at full speed, and had evidently been shod with a view to his traveling on the ice, for wherever his iron hoofs struck he left a white spot, as though a handful of snow had been dropped there, showing that the spikes of his shoes would save him from slipping.

As Fred gazed at the flying steed he saw the reins dragging on the ice alongside of the sleigh.

As the sleigh passed within a hundred feet or so of where Fred and Terry were standing, they heard the woman scream:

"Stop him! Stop him! Save me! Save me!"

"Terry," cried Fred, "that horse is making for the lower end of the lake, and will plunge to certain death where the ice has been cut away!"

"Heaven help her!" gasped Terry.

"I'll help her myself," cried Fred, and the next moment he darted away like an arrow, in pursuit of the sleigh.

It seemed like a silly thing for a sane person to do, to start in pursuit of a horse going at full speed over the ice, with only a light sleigh behind him that a child could move, and hundreds of people gazed at him, wondering if he was really a lunatic.

"Oh, Terry!" cried Evelyn, ringing her hands, "can Fred overtake him?"

"I don't know," he replied, "but if any man in the world can, he will. Just look at him. He scarcely seems to touch the ice, yet he is going like an arrow."

"But how can he stop the horse if he overtakes him?" Evelyn asked, trembling with excitement.

"Hanged if I know," he replied, "but he'll stop him if he can. Come, come! Let's follow as fast as we can," and taking each of the girls by the hand, he started off in pursuit of Fred, who was now more than a half mile away. Others were also going in the same direction, eager to see what the ending of the runaway sleigh would be.

Of course, there were a few skaters scattered along down almost to the lower end of the lake, and they hearing the cries of alarm, and seeing the maddened steed flying over the ice like a living thunderbolt, hurried to get out of the way. On, on went the horse and sleigh, and steadily Fred gained on it. Every skater whom the sleigh passed, the woman in it appealed to him to save her; but not one could extend a helping hand, for she passed them like a streak of lightning almost, and was away beyond reach before they could gather their wits about them. Suddenly the woman turned and looked back at Fred. He called out at the top of his voice:

"Keep still. I'll soon reach you!"

She gazed at him with an expression in her face which Fred never forgot. It nerved him as nothing else could have done. She saw that he was gaining steadily, lessening the distance between them. Her very soul seemed to be centered in her eyes, as she gazed with blanched cheeks, for of all the men in the wide world, he seemed to be her only hope of escaping a terrible death. Nearer and nearer he drew, while still the maddened steed sped on, straight towards the lower end of the lake, where the ice had been cut away. Fred knew that there the water was deepest, for icemen invariably cut first over deep water, because it is always clearest. He knew, too, that if the horse plunged into the opening, at the rate of speed he was going, he would go clear to the bottom, though it were fifty feet. He knew, also, that if he went in, with his skates on, that nothing but a miracle could save him from drowning. By and by, he was within ten feet of the sleigh. The woman stretched out both hands towards him, calling:

"Save me! Save me!"

"Yes, yes," he replied. "That's what I'm trying to do, but you must keep cool: sit perfectly still."

"Can't you get in here?" she called.

"Yes, but it would do no good, for the reins are dragging."

For another hundred yards or so he flew over the ice, abreast of the sleigh. The reins were on the other side of it. He feared to go on that side, lest they become entangled with his skates and throw him. Ahead of him he could see square blocks of ice, which the icemen had left on the brink of the cut. Another minute more and the maddened steed would plunge to certain destruction. Mustering the last remaining reserve force in his frame, he spurted forward till he was almost ahead of the animal. Then, by an effort, he reached the horse's head and grasped the bit on the very brink of the hole cut by the icemen. He gave a short, sharp jerk on the bit, which caused the horse to throw his head up, but he held on with a deathless grasp, and so his weight was too much for the animal. By another jerk Fred changed his course to the left, so that the right runner of the sleigh missed the cut by scarcely a foot. Still the horse sped on, but Fred pressing

the greater part of his weight upon the bit, soon tired him out and he came to a standstill.

"Whoa, boy! Whoa, boy!" said Fred, soothingly, to the splendid animal, which seemed to be trembling in every nerve, and patted him on the neck, but far back behind him. Way up the lake, came a great roar of hundreds of men, cheering the exploit. He saw men coming swiftly towards him, and feared that again the horse would take fright at the hissing of the steel skates on the ice.

Holding on to the bit with one hand, he waved the other back to the crowd, as a warning for them to keep away, but not one seemed to understand it, for they came on with all the speed they could command. He looked around at the woman in the sleigh, and saw that she had swooned, for she was lying in a heap in a mass of fur robes, but her white face was still turned toward him, as though her last glance was a mute appeal to him to save her.

Two stalwart men reached his side, and one exclaimed: "Young man, your pluck is marvelous."

"It was a narrow escape, sir," he replied. "Will you kindly hold the horse? I am utterly exhausted."

"Yes, yes!" said the man, grasping the bit.

Fred let go, and turned to move a few paces out of the way, but fell in a heap on the ice.

"Hello!" said the man; "the brave fellow is used up!" and he quickly knelt down by the side of Fred, ran his hands under his neck, and lifted him up to a sitting position. Then he pulled a flask of whisky from his pocket, saving:

"See here, my brave fellow, this is just the thing you need. Just take a swallow of it," and before Fred knew what he was doing a good swallow of the contents of the flask went gurgling down his throat.

It came near strangling him.

"Take another," said the man. "It won't hurt you. You need a bracer, for you have performed a marvelous feat, and shown more pluck than an army of a thousand men boiled down to one could put up."

By that time others came up, and soon a crowd of a hundred or more surrounded Fred, the sleigh and the unconscious woman.

"Who is she? Who is she?" was the question that passed from lip to lip, but no one seemed to know.

All the time the crowd kept increasing in numbers, and among them was a man who called out to Fred:

"See here, young man, you have overstrained yourself and need rest. It will be almost certain death to you to sit on the ice there. Come, you must get up. I am a physician and know what I am talking about."

"That's so," exclaimed a man who had been kneeling by his side and holding him, "I never thought of that," and he sprang up and assisted Fred to his feet.

He was as limber as though he hadn't a bone in his body, and the two men held him between them, whilst others were unhitching the horse from the sleigh.

In the meantime, a number of women were trying to restore the lady in the sleigh to consciousness. Some one had dipped up his cap full of water, where the icemen had been cutting, and some of it was sprinkled liberally in the lady's face.

"We ought to have a doctor!" somebody cried

"I'm a physician," cried the man who was holding on to Fred. "What's the matter there?"

"The lady has fainted," some one said.

"Then somebody hold on to this young man, and I will attend to her."

A dozen willing hands were extended, thus relieving the physician, who went to the assistance of the lady in the sleigh. He found her, however, just coming to, for the ice water dashed in her face had been quite effective.

"She's all right," sang out the physician, who promptly lifted her to a sitting position. "Bring that young man here and place him in the sleigh, where we can wrap these furs around him; he is worth a thousand men."

"That's so, that's so!" yelled scores of men in the crowd, and the next moment a great cheer went up from men and women.

Fred was too weak to object to anything that was done with him. He was led to the sleigh and placed in it alongside of the woman whose life he had saved, and a great buffalo robe wrapped all around him, to prevent him from taking cold. By that time the lady was fully conscious of what was going on. She turned and looked at Fred, who was almost in a state of collapse.

"You are the pluckiest, bravest man in the world!" she exclaimed. Then she reached over, threw her arm around his neck and kissed him. Whereupon the crowd cheered again, and some one suggested that they draw the sleigh back up to the other end of the lake, and no sooner was the suggestion made than a party of stalwart men laid hold of the shafts and started off. Just then Terry, Evelyn and Mary dashed up.

"Fred, old man, are you hurt?" called out Terry.

"No," he replied, "but I couldn't have gone a hundred yards farther to have saved my life."

Evelyn pushed through the crowd that surrounded the sleigh, caught hold of Fred's arm, looked him straight in the face and asked, in an anxious tone of voice:

"Fred, are you hurt?"

"No; only overstrained."

The look she gave him revealed the secret of her heart. He knew then that she loved him, for her very soul was in her eyes as she gazed at him. He reached out his hand and caught hers, giving a pressure that told her he understood her.

"I'm all right," he said, "but it was the hardest work I ever did."

Mary Hamilton crowded up to Evelyn's side and also reached for his hand, but didn't utter a word.

"Terry," said Fred, "look after the girls, for I feel as weak as a baby."

"All right, old man!" replied Terry, cheerily. "Go ahead; I'll take care of them!" and with that the whole crowd moved off, accompanying the sleigh, whilst some one led the horse.

On the way the lady told Fred that her husband got out of the sleigh up at the head of the lake just for a minute or two, leaving the reins in her hands. The horse became frightened at something, and dashed off with such a sudden start as to jerk the reins out of her hands, leaving her helpless.

"My husband had no skates on, so he couldn't follow

me. We are stopping at the Lake House up on the hill, a few hundred yards away from the railroad station, and you must go there with me. My husband's name is Sedgewick, and our home is in Albany. Will you kindly tell me your name?"

"My name is Fred Fearnot, and I live in New York City, but have been spending a few weeks with a friend at Fredonia, fifteen miles away from here."

"Why, my husband knows a Judge Fearnot in New York City. Is he a relative of yours?"

"He is my father, madam."

"Oh, dear, how fortunate! Your father was my husband's lawyer in a great case some three years ago, and he has ever since been a great admirer of him. Ah, here he comes now!" and a tall, dignified, elderly-looking gentleman rushed up to the sleigh, calling out:

"Mary, are you hurt?"

"No; are you hurt?"

"No," she answered; "this young man here stopped the horse on the very brink of the water where the ice had been cut away. He saved my life."

"Then he saved mine, too," said Mr. Sedgewick, "for you are as much a part of my life as my own heart is," and he grasped Fred's hand and shook it warmly.

"Henry," said Mrs. Sedgewick, "you would never guess who he is. He is a son of Judge Fearnot, of New York City."

"Heaven bless you, my boy!" exclaimed the man, shaking Fred's hands more vigorously than before.

"He is utterly exhausted, Henry, and we must take him up to the hotel with us till he can recover his strength."

"Yes, yes, of course," assented her husband.

"Much obliged to you," said Fred; "but my best girl came here with me, and she's somewhere in the crowd, so I must let her know where I'm going."

"She ought to be the happiest girl in the world," said the lady, "and I'll tell her so, for you are the bravest, pluckiest young man I ever saw or heard of."

CHAPTER VI.

WHAT FOLLOWED THE RESCUE.

When the party reached the upper end of the lake, the horse was hitched to the sleigh again and driven up to the hotel, some little distance above the railroad station. It was not a winter hotel, but it had been thrown open, as were several others, to accommodate the crowd attending the tournament week.

Fred and Mrs. Sedgewick were assisted out of the sleigh, and the former was greatly surprised at finding himself so weak. It was a new experience to him, and he hardly knew how to account for it. He was persuaded to go to a room and lie down. He had been there but about twenty minutes, when Terry, Evelyn and Mary entered the room.

"Say, old fellow," greeted Terry, "what in thunder does this mean? Are you hurt?"

"No," he replied, "but I feel as weak as a little child. I overstrained myself."

"Do you feel any pain?" Evelyn asked, in a very anxious tone of voice.

"Not in the least; only I feel so weak that when I try to stand up I reel like a drunken man."

"Oh, I'm afraid you will be ill from it," exclaimed Evelyn.

"Oh, no danger of that," he laughed; "the strongest man in the world will feel weak after overtaking himself."

"It was a wonderful feat, Fred," remarked Terry, "and I can't yet understand how you managed to outrace a splendid horse like that."

"Well, I don't either, Terry, but when I got up close enough to catch the expression of the lady's face and eyes, I felt as though if I failed to save her I would have to plunge into the water and drown with her. I'll never forget it as long as I live. Even after I caught hold of the bit I thought the horse would take me into the water, in spite of all my efforts to prevent it. My strength was leaving me, but I had enough left to retain my grip. My weight must have pulled him around just in time to prevent us all from plunging into the water. Two men came up and caught hold of the horse, whereupon I let go and started to walk away, but went down in a heap from sheer weakness."

While he was speaking, Evelyn sat by the bedside, her eyes riveted upon his face, whilst Mary stood near, gazing at both of them in sympathetic silence. She then and there read Evelyn's secret, and, maiden-like, her own heart was in a flutter of excitement. Just then a waiter came in with a cup of strong coffee, which he said the doctor had ordered to be brought to him.

"Just the thing I want," remarked Fred. "Somebody poured a drink of whisky down my throat and it warmed me up. How much I swallowed I don't know, but I guess my insides were considerably astonished."

He drank the coffee, and the waiter left the room with the empty cup. A minute or two later, Mr. Sedgewick and the physician came in, and Fred introduced Terry and the two girls to them.

"How do you feel now, my boy?" the doctor asked.

"Pretty tired," replied Fred.

"Tired! I should think you would be. Don't you feel any pain in your muscles?"

"Not a bit. I'll be all right again in an hour or two."

"Well, look here now. If you don't feel the effect of this thing for a month, I shall look upon you as a physical phenomenon, for it was a task severe enough to utterly ruin the constitution of an ordinary man, and besides that, you showed more pluck than ten men combined."

"Oh, don't lay it on so thick, doctor," laughed Fred.

"I am not the only one that says that," returned the doctor. "It's the opinion of nearly a thousand people who witnessed it."

"And they are right!" exclaimed Evelyn, unable to hold in longer. "He is the best, bravest, truest boy that ever lived," and then, as if surprised at her own outburst of feeling, she blushed like a rose, and turned to hide her face on Mary Hamilton's shoulder.

"It is true. It is true," said Mary, as she clasped Evelyn around the waist.

"Every word of it is true," put in Mr. Sedgewick, speaking for the first time. "I know his father well. He has placed upon me a debt of gratitude that a lifetime cannot pay. My wife is dearer to me than my own soul, and but for you, my boy, I would be as one dead, for without her I could not live."

"I am glad for your sake and hers," replied Fred, "and the knowledge that I have been able to restore her to you unharmed, is of more satisfaction to me than the possession of the Treasury of the United States."

"Spoken like a brave man!" exclaimed the doctor, "and now, my boy, let me give you a bit of advice. Just lie here and rest until you feel your strength come back to you again."

"Yes," put in Mr. Sedgewick, "everything in the house is at your command, and as many friends as you desire can stay here at my expense. These two young ladies are your friends, and this young man," and he laid his hand on Terry's shoulder. "They must stay here with you."

"Oh, I'm all right," laughed Fred, "and will be able to go back on the excursion train to-night."

"You may be, but I'm not going to let you do so," returned Mr. Sedgewick. "So I want your friend to go downstairs and register his name and that of the young ladies, and then telegraph home that you're not coming on that train."

Fred looked at Terry and laughed, finally remarking: "You'll have to fight it out with him, Terry. I'll leave it with you and the girls."

"Oh, he can telegraph to the young ladies' mothers," urged Mr. Sedgewick.

"One of them is my sister, sir," remarked Terry.

"Ah, so much the better then! My wife will take charge of the two young ladies and see that they have everything necessary for their comfort. If they wish anything sent to them from home, telegraph for it. You must not deprive us of the pleasure of entertaining them and the plucky young man whose exploit has astounded us from a standpoint of physical endurance."

"Say, sis," said Terry, turning to Evelyn, "what shall I do? Shall I telegraph to mother that we'll stay over?"

"Consider nothing but what is best for Fred's comfort," she replied. "Mother knows well enough that I am safe with you anywhere in the world."

"Good! Good!" ejaculated Mr. Sedgewick, "that shows that your mother has confidence in both of you, and that you are good children. I am going to telegraph to Judge Fearnot myself, down in New York."

"Oh, see here, now!" exclaimed Fred, "I'm the only child in that family, and want you to be careful that you don't give father or mother a fright. Don't let them think that I am hurt in any way."

"No danger of that, my boy, I'll simply telegraph thanks and congratulations."

So the matter was arranged, and the two girls were given a room adjoining that occupied by Fred and Terry. They took possession of it and laid aside their wraps and skates, after which they returned to Fred's room, pretend-

ing to feel very uneasy about the consequences of his over-taxing his strength.

By and by Mrs. Sedgewick came in, accompanied by her husband. She went up to Fred, leaned over and kissed him. Then she turned and looked at the two girls.

"Which of the two is your girl?" she asked of Fred.

"There she is," he laughed, pointing towards Evelyn. Whereupon Mrs. Sedgewick turned and clasped Evelyn in her arms, kissing her all over her face, saying:

"Oh, you dear, fortunate girl, to have the love of the bravest man that ever lived."

Evelyn blushed furiously, for Fred had never spoken a word of love to her. She saw that the lady was laboring under the impression that they were lovers and engaged. A confused, frightened expression came into her eyes, which Mrs. Sedgewick could not understand. Yet she continued to congratulate her and sing the praises of her rescuer.

Suddenly Mary Hamilton whispered to Mrs. Sedgewick:

"Come into our room, please, I want to tell you something," and the two went out and entered the next room, followed by Evelyn, whom Mary had intended should remain with Fred and Terry; but after what had been said, poor Evelyn didn't know what to do.

"Mrs. Sedgewick," said Mary, "I see you are laboring under the impression that Fred and Evelyn are engaged, but they are not. I know nothing of the state of their feelings towards each other, but I thought I'd better tell you about it."

"Oh, dear me!" exclaimed Mrs. Sedgewick, "I am sorry I blundered," and she turned and caught Evelyn in her arms again, kissed her, and continued: "But, my dear, I am a woman of a great deal of experience, and don't hesitate to tell you that he does love you. I read it in his eyes, and even before we reach the shore of the lake, while seated in the sleigh, he spoke so anxiously and lovingly of you as his 'best girl,' that I knew at once what his feelings were; so, after all, I'm sure I have made no mistake."

Evelyn was happy over her words, but she was so confused that she hid her face on the lady's neck and said nothing whatever in reply.

"Just think," my dear," continued Mrs. Sedgewick, "how, of all the hundreds of men who were on the ice, he alone gave chase to one of the fastest horses in my husband's stable, and after several miles, ran him down and stopped him. It's perfectly marvelous! And to think that he nerved himself to the very last to stop the horse right on the brink of certain death, and then utterly collapsed from exhaustion when he saw that he had saved me. Marvelous pluck!"

Such praises of the youth, of course, were a feast for Evelyn's loving soul. She drank in every word of it, and her heart fluttered its approbation and waited eagerly for more.

Then Mary Hamilton told how the summer before, whilst Fred was spending his vacation with Terry, he had saved her life when a party of them were attacked by a mad dog in the street; how he seized the maddened beast, whom two or three men were firing at, by the hind legs and beat his brains out against a lamp-post.

"Oh, I remember reading about that," exclaimed Mrs.

Sedgewick. "It was in all the papers at the time. Dear me, what a brave lad he is!"

"Oh, he isn't afraid of anything," said Mary. "and he is one of the truest friends that boy or girl could have."

It was nearly an hour before the ladies returned to Fred's room, but on finding so many men in there, Mrs. Sedgewick invited Evelyn and Mary to her apartments. They went and remained with her until dinner was announced.

"Oh, my!" exclaimed Evelyn, who had now somewhat recovered from her confusion. "we brought a basket of provisions with us and they are down in the ice-house."

"Never mind about that, my dear," said Mrs. Sedgewick. "You are all to dine here. I will send to your brother's room to know if he wishes to go down with us," and she summoned a servant and sent her in search of her husband and Terry.

Mr. Sedgewick and Terry soon reported to the ladies, and together they went down into the great dining-room of the hotel, where at least a hundred and fifty people were seated at the many tables there. The Sedgewicks had a private table at which the little party seated themselves and laughed and chatted whilst partaking of the dinner. When they left the dining-room they went into the parlor, where they saw quite a number of the young people from Fredonia, Maurice Haygood and Sadie Stevens among them.

"Oh, Evelyn!" exclaimed Sadie, running up to her, "we hear that Fred has been hurt! Is it true?"

"Really, I don't know," replied Evelyn. "He says he is not, but has simply overtaxed his strength."

While Sadie and Evelyn were talking, Mary Hamilton told Mrs. Sedgewick that the young lady who was talking to her friend was another one whose life Fred had saved at a fire.

"She is very beautiful," remarked Mrs. Sedgewick, as she looked at Sadie, "and I wonder he did not fall in love with her."

"Yes," laughed Mary; "we all thought that he would, but it seems that he didn't."

"You must introduce me to her," said the lady, and a few minutes later Mary did.

A very few minutes satisfied Mrs. Sedgewick that the silly beauty was not the kind of a girl to win the love of a brave, sensible man.

During the afternoon, the entire delegation from Fredonia called at the hotel to make inquiry after Fred, all having heard that he had been hurt. Quite a number of them were permitted to go upstairs to see him.

"Say, Terry," laughed Fred, at one time, "can you tell me whether I'm on exhibition here or not?"

"I really don't know," replied Terry. "If you are, it's a free show, for nobody is paying admission."

"Well, I'm going to get up from here," and with that he rose from the bed, walked across the room, and sat down in an arm-chair in front of the fire.

"Why, hang it," he said, "I'm all right. I'll be able to take part in the moonlight carnival to-night."

"Oh, drop that, now, old man, I'm not going to let you do that. You must keep quiet until to-morrow, and then you can put on your skates again."

"Well, hanged if I don't go down there and look on, anyway. I wouldn't miss it for anything. You must take the girls out, though, and see that they have a good time."

"Oh, I'll look after the girls and will find a partner for Evelyn, if she wishes one."

The day waned and a little while before the bell rang for supper, Fred astonished everybody in the hotel by appearing in the ladies' parlor and sending for Evelyn and Mary.

"Why, Fred!" exclaimed the two girls, as they entered the parlor.

"Oh, look here, now," he laughed, "if you think you can have me locked up in a room while you are having a good time with other fellows, you'll miss it. I'm all right, able to hug both of you, and will go skating with you this evening, if they'll let me."

"Oh, but you must not go out," protested Evelyn. "It would certainly be dangerous for you."

"Then you must hold me," he laughed, "or otherwise I will."

"But the doctor says you must not do so," said Mary.

"Oh, the doctor don't know everything. I've known them to rub salve on a man's head to cure corns on his toes. There are doctors and doctors, you know. I could put skates on my feet and chase you two girls all over that lake."

"Oh, I won't put my skates on," said Evelyn, "and I'm going to see that you don't, either."

"Oh, that's all right," he laughed. "I'll just follow you two around and be satisfied with that. We'll just go down to the lake, sit around and see the others enjoy themselves. If you two will promise not to get out of sight, I'll be content to keep a seat and look at you enjoying yourselves."

The girls laughed and said they'd keep their eyes on him and see that he didn't get on the ice again that evening. When they went down to the lake, after supper, he couldn't persuade Evelyn to go on the ice, but she would sit by him whilst Terry and Mary joined the gay throng of revelers.

CHAPTER VII.

HOW FRED'S PLUCK FAILED HIM.

For a long time they sat there, gazing at the scene, without being recognized by any in the great throng on skates. Hundreds and hundreds of people moved by in front of them, their merry laughter ringing out on the frosty air, almost drowning the splendid band of music that had been provided for the occasion.

"Evelyn, I'm sorry you're not out there enjoying yourself."

"Oh, I am enjoying myself," said she. "I can see twice as much here and enjoy the sight more than if I were out there skating with them."

"That's the way I feel, too; for it's fun to watch certain couples as they go by; but what I enjoy more is sitting here talking with you."

"I didn't know that I was saying anything that you could enjoy," she remarked.

"Oh, the very sound of your voice is music to me."

She blushed but made no reply, for she still remembered the embarrassing position she was in when Mrs. Sedgewick spoke so freely, in his room up at the hotel that day.

Fred was embarrassed himself and was trying hard to muster up courage enough to tell her flatly that he loved her, but somehow or other the words stuck in his throat. But with a woman's intuition she knew what he was trying to say, and was waiting for it. Suddenly they were interrupted by a voice that sang out:

"Oh, here they are!" and the next moment they were joined by a party of young people from Fredonia.

"How do you feel now, Fred?" a dozen asked him at once.

"Comfortable, thank you!" laughed Fred. "Why shouldn't I be, sitting here by my best girl, with her hand in mine?"

The other girls laughed, whilst Evelyn blushed and quickly withdrew her hand from Fred's. They all noticed it and laughed the more.

"Say, Haygood," called Fred, "if you don't stop squeezing Miss Sadie's hand I'll tell her mother on you."

Then Sadie blushed, snatched her hand away from Haygood, saying:

"He wasn't squeezing my hand!"

"Oh, I know you, Miss Sadie!" laughed Fred. "A fellow can't be with you ten minutes without squeezing your hand."

Sadie laughed, and took the remark as a great compliment.

"Oh, you've been there yourself, have you?" said one of the boys.

"Yes," laughed Fred, "we've all been there. She has made fools of the whole crowd of us. She leads a fellow on till he loses his head, pops the question, and then kicks him sky high."

"Oh, my!" exclaimed Sadie, "I was never so abused before in my life!"

"Oh, that's all right, Miss Sadie. I can call up a dozen broken hearts right here to bear testimony against you. I'm not so well posted about Haygood, but he seems to be in a fair way to fetch up just like the rest of us did."

"Thunder!" exclaimed one of the boys, "you don't mean to say that she kicked you, do you, after saving her life?"

"Oh, no," he laughed. "I was pretty far gone, though, when I caught her flirting with another fellow, and the next day I went back to New York City, went to bed and was sick for a week. I got over it, though, but I know how to sympathize with the rest of you."

Nearly every one in the party believed that Fred was really telling a bit of his heart story, for at the time he left Fredonia, after spending his vacation there the year before, it was the popular belief that he was deeply in love with Sadie and she with him. It was true so far as she was concerned, and it was a very bitter disappointment to her that he did not write to her after he went away. Even now she could not understand his badinage, as she was doubtful whether he meant to compliment or reproach her. The young men standing around, though, knew from bitter

experience that she was an arrant, heartless flirt, who had played fast and loose with most of them.

Evelyn sat there, listening and thinking, but she knew well that Fred didn't care a snap of his finger for Sadie.

"That's right," sang out one of the boys, who had been singing, like a moth flying around a candle, "give it to her. She has no friends."

"Oh, you hush, now," pouted Sadie. "I am no flirt, and never was one. I try to be pleasant with everybody, and because I do you all talk and say I'm flirting."

"It's no use, Miss Sadie," laughed Fred. "If you don't stop your flirting and say 'yes' to some good fellow, you'll die an old maid, if you live long enough."

"Good advice, good advice," laughed several of them.

Sadie never forgave him, for she understood at that moment that she had lost him forever, though she never dreamed that Evelyn Olcott was the cause of it. She could not believe that any girl in Fredonia could win any one from her.

"Say, Fred, old man," sang out Terry, as he and Mary joined the party on their skates, "sorry you are not out here, for it's simply grand."

"Oh, I'm taking it all in, Terry, watching the rest of you. Everybody seems to be happy to-night. Miss Mary, your cheeks are like roses."

"Oh, we had a long run," replied Mary: "almost down to the lower end of the lake, and I don't feel a bit tired."

"Don't overexert yourself," he cautioned. "for I want to take a spin around the lake with you to-morrow myself."

"Oh, are you all coming back to-morrow?" one of the party asked.

"Coming back," laughed Fred; "we are not going home to-night!"

"What! Are you going to stay here?"

"Yes; we're going to see the whole thing through," and then the Fredonia crowd heard for the first time that Fred and Terry, Evelyn and Mary, were going to remain over during the entire week of the tournament.

"Oh, we must all come back again," exclaimed Sadie Stevens.

"Yes," chimed in several others: "we'll all come back again on the last day, to see the races on the ice."

"Are you going to race, Fred?" Sadie asked.

"Indeed, I don't know. If I feel strong enough I may."

After a little more talk, the young people again went out on the ice to join the great throng of skaters.

"Fred," said Evelyn, "you mustn't race anybody on the ice while here."

"Why not?" he asked.

"Because you are not strong enough."

"Oh, but I'll be all right again by to-morrow or next day."

"Oh, you may feel that way, but you will break down again, and it may cost you your life."

"No danger of that," he laughed, "for I want to live just as long as you or anybody else lives. If I don't feel strong I won't do it. I wouldn't have done so to-day, in a race, except to save a life."

"You have saved several lives," said she, "and each time at the risk of your own."

"Well, it was my duty to do it, wasn't it?"

"Yes," she assented, "and I would not say a word to stop one from trying to save the life of another, but you must forgive me if I beg you not to exert yourself again this week, on account of the tremendous strain to which you were subjected to-day."

"Evelyn," he asked, "do you care about what I do?"

Before she could answer the question, Mr. Sedgewick and several of his friends stepped up and spoke to them, and thus again shut off any expression of sentiment on the part of either. The men shook hands with both of them and joined in a general conversation, during which both Fred and Evelyn inquired for Mrs. Sedgewick.

"She was afraid to come out to-night," replied Mr. Sedgewick, "and I think it is imprudent on your part to expose yourself to this night air."

"Oh, I'm feeling all right," laughed Fred. "I'm as tough as a mule, if I don't feel as strong just now. My heart is beating all right, with only a little fluttering now and then, as I see some pretty girl pass by."

"Look here, Miss Olcott," laughed Mr. Sedgewick, "do you sit quietly by and let him talk that way?"

"Oh, you can't stop him from talking," laughed Evelyn.

"He's like a woman, eh?" remarked one of the men.

"Yes, only he can beat a dozen of them."

"Great Scott!" exclaimed one of the party, "we've been thinking all this time that he could beat a dozen men, or a hundred dozen for indomitable pluck and speed on the skates, and now we find out that he can outtalk a dozen women. Say, Fearnot, I want to make an engagement with you to exhibit you around the country as a curiosity."

"Not on your life," laughed Fred; "for of all things in the world, I dislike being taken for a curiosity. I always thought I was just like any other boy, but I'd rather be anything else than a simple curiosity."

They laughed and chatted there for upwards of an hour, at the end of which time Terry and Mary again came up and sat down to take off their skates.

"Now, brother," said Evelyn, "you must make Fred go up to the hotel out of this night air, for he has been out long enough."

"Oh, it's early yet," laughed Fred, looking at his watch. "It's only ten o'clock."

"Yes, I know; but you must go to the house, Fred."

"Well, if you say so," he laughed, "I'll have to go."

"I do say so, and have made up my mind to ask these gentlemen to take you by force, if you don't go voluntarily."

"That's right," laughed Mr. Sedgewick. "Make him go, and if he won't go along peaceably, I'll help you."

"Oh, I'll go peaceably," laughed Fred, rising and extending his arm to Evelyn. Terry and Mary followed them, accompanied by Mr. Sedgewick and his friends. In the parlor of the hotel Evelyn and Mary sat at the piano and played and sang a number of songs, in which they were joined by Terry and Fred, after which they retired for the night.

"Say, Fred, old man," remarked Terry, when they were together in their room, "if we stay here a week I'm afraid I'll be tempted to go back on my High School girl."

"How so?" Fred asked.

"Oh, all on account of Mary. She's one of the sweetest girls in the world."

"Oh, coming to your senses, are you?" laughed Fred.

"Don't know whether I am or not. 'Fraid I'm losing them."

"You stick to Mary, Terry," advised Fred. "You were both born within a quarter of a mile of each other, have been friends all your lives, and you ought to know that she is just what she seems to be—a good, even-tempered, sweet girl."

"Even-tempered!" laughed Terry. "She can get as mad as a hornet and make things lively."

"Oh, that's all right; but I'll gamble every time that she has cause for getting mad when she does. She's not the kind of a girl to get mad about trifles."

The next morning when Fred awoke he got out of bed and went through a series of gymnastic exercises, to find out whether any of his muscles were sore. He was a little stiff at first, but soon declared he felt just as well and strong as he ever did.

"I'm too young to break down," he laughed. "An elderly man would have been laid up for a month, but I tell you I'm all right. So I'm going to the lake for a spin on the ice before breakfast. Get up and come along with me."

"All right, I'm with you," laughed Terry, getting out of bed and dressing hurriedly.

They took their skates, went down to the lake and skated way down to the lower end of it, where Fred pointed out the spot where he turned the horse and sleigh right on the brink of the open water of the lake.

"That was a close call," remarked Terry.

"I should say it was, and I'll never forget it as long as I live."

They returned up the lake and stopped at the big ice-house where the excursionists had deposited their baskets of provisions the day before, and on inquiry of one of the men in charge learned that their baskets were still there, not having been called for.

"Let them stay till we call," said Terry, to the watchman. "We stopped at the hotel last night, but don't know how long we may stay."

"All right," replied the watchman, "they will be here when you call."

CHAPTER VIII.

A LESSON ON THE ICE BY FRED.

When they returned to the hotel they found Evelyn and Mary in the parlor, waiting for them. The girls were under the impression that they had slept late, so Evelyn said to Terry:

"It's not like you, brother, to be abed so late of a morning."

"Why, bless you, sis, we've been out skating for an hour."

"What!" she exclaimed, in no little astonishment.

"Yes," laughed Fred, "we've been around the whole lake and I feel stronger this morning than I did yesterday."

"Oh, I should have put the key of your room in my pocket last night," she laughed. "Boys are so hard to control!"

"Oh, they're not half as hard to control as girls are," retorted Terry. "I'm hungry enough to create a famine in the breakfast room."

They were joined by Mr. and Mrs. Sedgewick, just as they were about to leave the parlor, and together they all went to the breakfast room, where the two boys astonished the others by the appetites they had developed by their exercise on the skates.

"You're a wonderful boy," said Mr. Sedgewick. "According to all the rules, you ought to be in a stait-jacket, and in the hands of three or four physicians, in constant consultation over your condition."

"Oh, I don't go by rules," laughed Fred. "I go by contraries, like the Irishman's dream. I'm somewhat like the frightful example that I read about once, whom a temperance lecturer had hired to go along with him as an illustration for his lecture. He upset all preconceived ideas by proving to be a good husband, a good citizen, and a model man, when he was drunk, and the reverse of all that when sober."

Mr. Sedgewick's laugh was heard throughout the great dining-room. It struck him as inexpressibly funny, and it required several minutes for him to pull himself together to resume the meal.

"I'll have to keep an eye on you," he remarked to Fred.

"How far can you see?" Fred asked.

"I don't know. I never tried to find out," was the reply.

"Well, if you keep your eye on me to-day, you'll probably get some idea of the strength of your vision, unless I should be arrested and locked up."

"What are you going to do?" Sedgewick asked.

"Hanged if I know, but I'm going to have all the fun that I can, for that's what I came here for, and I'm going to take my girl along, too."

"Suppose she won't go?" asked Evelyn.

"Well, if she doesn't, maybe she can test her eyesight by watching. It won't do to lay me out for a corpse and think that I'll stay there, for I'll follow the scriptural injunction to get up and walk."

"I guess I'll have to go with you," laughed Evelyn, "just to keep you out of mischief, but I think I ought to have a rope to tie you with to keep you from getting away from me."

"Oh, I won't leave you," he laughed, "for I always feel warm and comfortable when I'm where you are."

At that Mrs. Sedgewick nudged her husband, and Evelyn seeing it, blushed and looked a bit rattled.

"It does make a fellow warm to have his girl at his side, doesn't it?" remarked Mr. Sedgewick.

"You bet it does," assented Fred. "Sometimes it makes me sweat just to think about her," and he looked over at Evelyn, who joined in the laugh, though still blushing.

Fred could talk sentiment to her, in a jocular way, when others were present, but if he tried to do so when they

were alone, the words would stick in his throat in spite of him. He was like the old soldier who had faced the cannon's mouth unflinchingly in a score of battles, and yet quailed and trembled before the mouth of the woman he loved.

"Now, look here, Mrs. Sedgewick," said Fred, just before they left the table, "do you skate?"

"Very poorly," she replied; "I much prefer sleighing."

"Well, if you go sleighing to-day, for heaven's sake don't come on the lake, unless you have an ox hitched to the sleigh. I draw the line at fast horses."

"Oh, I won't run that risk again," she laughed. "Once is enough for me."

An hour or so after breakfast, Fred, Terry and the two girls took their skates, made their way down to the lake, where but few people had yet appeared. The boys fastened the girls' skates on for them, and together they went skimming along over the frozen surface, enjoying the crisp morning air with all the zest of youth. In a little while quite a number of others appeared, some from the hotels, others from places farther away, for as yet no train had come in with excursionists. After an hour or so of pretty rapid skating, the boys conducted the two girls back to one of the temporary pavilions, and left them there to rest, while they again went out for more exercise. A half hour later they happened to look back at the pavilion, and saw a party of five or six men there who were strangers to them.

"Say, Fred," said Terry, "we had better go back to the girls, as they are the only ladies there, and may be annoyed by some of those fellows."

"All right, come ahead," replied Fred; and they immediately returned to the pavilion, where they found that the girls had been a good deal annoyed by a couple of fellows who had evidently been drinking. They had insisted on talking to the girls, and both of them had twice removed to other parts of the pavilion.

"Put on our skates for us, please," said Evelyn, as soon as the boys arrived, "and we'll go out on the ice again."

The boys soon adjusted their skates for them and led them out on the ice, where they went skimming along, hand-in-hand, greatly enjoying themselves.

A few minutes later every one of the half dozen men in the pavilion followed them, also on skates, but the young couples appeared not to notice them.

Suddenly Terry got a fall, but sprang up again and went on with Mary, till he caught up with Fred and Evelyn.

"Say, Terry, how came you to fall?" Fred asked.

"You see that fellow with a blue scarf around his neck?" Terry answered, pointing to one of the men who was circling around them with the others.

"Yes," answered Fred.

"Well, he passed us and tripped me as slick as a piece of wet soap."

"The deuce he did!"

"Yes, and chuckled as he passed on."

"Hang him, he ought to have his head cracked."

In less than five minutes afterwards, whilst Fred was holding on to Evelyn's hands and skimming along over the ice with her, the same fellow passed behind him, clicked his skates deftly against him and he went down

quick as a flash of lightning. The fellow was heard to chuckle as he passed on.

"By George, Evelyn, the rascal tripped me. I can show him a trick worth a dozen of that, and if you'll just join Terry for a few minutes, I'll teach him a lesson."

"Now, Fred, you are going to get into trouble. There are half a dozen of them together, all friends. Just join Terry and Mary and go away from them."

"Oh, they can follow us anywhere we go on the ice," returned Fred. "I'd rather have a fight with the whole gang than to submit to an insult like that. To trip a man up when he's with a lady purposely, and then laugh at him, merits condign punishment, and I'm a-going to give it to him, even though I incur your displeasure."

Just then Terry and Mary joined them.

"Say, Fred, old man, he downed you, eh?"

"Yes, but you just take care of my girl here, and watch me show him a few tricks about tripping people," and without waiting to listen to any further protests from Evelyn, he started off in pursuit of the fellow, who was circling around on the ice, enjoying the laugh of his companions at the trick he had played the two boys.

Fred went straight at him as though he intended to pass him several feet to the left. The fellow had winked at his companions as he saw Fred coming, and was preparing to trip him, but to his astonishment he found himself upset, and that so deftly his head was the first part of his anatomy that struck the ice.

Fred passed on about fifty feet, wheeled around, looked at him, and called out:

"Pray excuse me, sir."

The fellow was too busily engaged in astronomical observations just then, for the stars had not yet faded from his eyes. The fall was so entirely unexpected by him, he had not thought of trying to break it at all, hence his landing on his head. One of his friends went to his assistance and raised him to his feet. He started off in pursuit of Fred, determined on revenge. Fred passed on far enough to get him a couple of hundred yards away from his friends, and then circled around and went at him again. The fellow tried to trip him, but made a miserable failure and again went down, although his head failed to come in contact with the ice. He sprang up and called out to Fred:

"What do you mean, sir?"

"Oh, I just wanted to show you that other people can do that as well as you can," and with that Fred circled around him again, tempting him to make another effort to trip him, and again he fell into the trap.

"Say," the man sang out, as he scrambled to his feet the third time, "I want you to keep away from me!"

"Then you'd better get off the ice," retorted Fred.

One of the fellow's friends came flying past Fred and threw out a foot for the purpose of tripping him. Fred dodged it and went in pursuit of him. He had scarcely gone fifty yards before Fred sent him down with a thud that could have been heard half way across the lake. Even before the man could get upon his feet again, a third one came whizzing by, calling to Fred:

"Let's see you do me that way."

"All right," laughed Fred. "Any kind of a sucker is fish to-day," and Fred went at him like an arrow, the fel-

low wheeling and making a short, sharp curve with the intention of tripping him, but himself went down with a crash.

"How's that?" Fred sang out.

The man got up and went limping away, the fall having hurt him, but the big fellow who started the racket came rushing at Fred as though he intended to run him down like a battering ram. Nimbly dodging out of his way, Fred shot out his right foot; there was a ring of steel against steel, and the fall knocked a grunt out of the fellow that could have been heard a quarter of a mile away.

The other three, who had been spectators of the tripping tournament, now gave chase to Fred for a combined attack upon him. He kept out of their way for some five minutes, and then suddenly wheeled back in amongst them and upset two with a rapidity that seemed like a flash of lightning. Whereupon Terry, who had been looking on with the two girls holding him, threw his cap in the air and cheered at the top of his voice. Then Fred set in to trip the fellows as fast as they could rise to their feet, and in about fifteen minutes he had as many as two or three down all the time, without having a single fall himself. Two of them swore like pirates and threatened to thrash him.

"Oh, I can lick the whole gang of you!" he cried. "You are simply pigs on ice. Take off your skates and walk ashore."

And he kept on tripping them, until two of them actually took off their skates in order to escape his attack.

Two of the others skated ashore, whilst the other two stood still, as though they had had enough of it.

"You began this business," sang out Fred, "so I thought I'd give you a few lessons that perhaps you might remember. Perhaps you don't know it, so I will inform you that it's considered something that no gentleman would ever be guilty of, tripping another while in company with a lady."

"You want to keep a civil tongue in your head, young man," called out one of them.

"Oh, I don't need any advice from you," retorted Fred. "I can stand every one of you on your head on the ice, and am not afraid to meet you on shore. I've seen your like before."

The men finally returned to the pavilion, where others had gathered, and there they learned that the youth who had taught them such a severe lesson was the young hero of the day before.

One of the men who had been drinking threatened to thrash Fred as soon as he came ashore. A man standing by who heard it promptly remarked that he wouldn't do anything of the kind.

"What have you got to say about it?" the other asked.

"Simply this: that if you interfere with the young man, I'll take you in hand myself."

"Oh, you will, eh? Suppose you take me in hand now!" and with that they mixed up and in a couple of minutes the fellow was knocked out so completely he said he had enough.

In the meantime Fred rejoined Evelyn, Terry and Mary, laughing in great glee, saying that he hadn't had so much fun in a year.

"How did you manage to do it, Fred?" Terry asked.

"Oh, it's a little trick I learned a long time ago. I made those fellows sick. There were six of them, and I ran the whole gang off the ice."

"Oh, my!" exclaimed Evelyn, "there's a fight in the pavilion. Just look. I wish we were all at home."

"Don't wish that, sweetheart," said Fred, "because I'm going to see that you have more fun this week than you ever had in your life."

"Oh, I can't stand such excitement," she protested. "You boys are so fond of getting into trouble."

"Why, bless your dimples, we haven't had any trouble. It's the other fellows."

"Oh, but I heard them threaten to thrash you."

"Well, what does that amount to? I'll bet one of them's getting a thrashing over there now. When men start in for that sort of thing they generally get the worst of it."

CHAPTER IX.

THE POOR WIDOW, AND HOW FRED RACED FOR HER BENEFIT.

The girls finally persuaded Fred and Terry to skate down to the lower end of the lake with them, to avoid coming in contact with any of the men with whom they had had the trouble, but when they reached there they were very tired, so they went ashore near a huge ice-house, in which had been stored the ice that had been cut out in front of it. On the hillside, about a hundred yards up the hill, were about a dozen little houses, the homes of the icemen.

Every one of the little houses was occupied, for women and children were seen about them.

"It must be a hard life in the winter for those people," remarked Terry.

"Yes, indeed," assented Fred, "but as they've never been used to any better way of living, none of them probably look upon it as a hard life at all."

"Oh, I can't think that," said Evelyn, "for suffering is suffering, no matter what one's condition is."

"Oh, you're wrong there," returned Fred. "They have roughed it all their lives and lived in a way that would be absolute suffering for you, while they probably regard it as comfortable. As for physical pain, that is a different thing. They can stand cold where you would freeze, live on coarse food that only starvation could force you to eat. Place one of them in a comfortable home, like yours, and they would feel utterly out of place. I dare say there isn't a rug or carpet in one of those houses, and their food is simply meat and bread, and cooked in a way, too, that would actually make you sick to look at it."

"Why, how do you know that, Fred?" she asked. "Were you ever in an iceman's house?"

"Yes, but not in the winter time. Up in the Adirondacks I visited three in search of a guide for a party of us, who wanted to camp in the woods. They cut ice and logs in the winter, acted as guides in the summer and fall, and lived a hard life all the year round, yet they were a good sort of people in their way, kind-hearted and charita-

ble. The men would resent an insult quicker than a millionaire would, and the women, although hard workers and poorly dressed, were good and true."

"Do you notice such things wherever you go, Fred?" Evelyn asked, greatly agitated.

"Yes, but not intentionally. I keep my eyes open all the time, and can't avoid seeing things. I can't help looking at you when my eyes are open, or dreaming about you when they are closed."

"Oh, my, Terry!" laughed Mary Hamilton; "let's go away and give him a chance to talk love to Evelyn."

"That's right," laughed Fred; "take him away and give him a chance to say something to you."

"Oh, I didn't mean that," laughed Mary, blushing.

"Oh, yes, you did, you sly thing. You've been giving Terry all sorts of chances since yesterday morning, but I don't believe the chump could take a hint if a house fell down on him."

"Say, old man, what's the matter with you?" Terry exclaimed.

"What's the matter with you," Fred retorted. "Do you want a girl to throw herself at you hard enough to knock you over?"

Mary's eyes snapped, and she turned on Fred quickly with:

"Fred Fearnot, do you mean to say that I've been doing that?"

"Bless you, no, dearie," he laughed. "I'm only punishing you for what you said," and he seized her hand and kissed it. "I wouldn't say or do anything to wound your feelings for the whole world, Mary, and I surely thought you knew that."

"Well, I thought so, too," she laughed, mollified by his apology, "but you do such things when you are joking, that half the time I don't know whether to laugh or cry."

"Well, let me tell you something, Mary: if ever I make you cry, I'll be the sorriest boy that ever lived."

"Oh, here comes a little boy with a pail," said Evelyn, turning and looking at a little six-year-old boy coming directly towards them from one of the houses with a pail and a hatchet.

The little fellow went past them, down to the water's edge, where he chopped away some of the ice to make a hole through which he could dip up some water.

"There," said Fred, "you see the life that these people have to lead. There's a little fellow, not over six or seven years old, who is forced to work instead of learning to read. I'm going to help him," and as he started the other three followed him.

"Say, my little man," called Fred, "let me cut that ice for you."

"I can cut it, sir," replied the little fellow.

"Oh, yes, so you can; but I bet I can cut it quicker than you can," and with that he took the hatchet and soon cut a hole large enough to dip up a pail of water through it. While he was doing so the girls were talking with the little fellow, and Evelyn asked him where his father was.

"Papa's dead," said the little fellow.

"Oh, dear, is your mother living?"

"Yes; she's up there in the house."

"Have you got any brothers and sisters?"

"Yes; I've got two brothers and two sisters."

"Where are your brothers?" Evelyn asked.

"They are cutting ice over on the river."

"Oh, they take care of mother and the children, do they?"

"Yes," answered the little fellow.

"Are your brothers grown men?"

"No; they're just big boys."

"Say, Fred and Terry," called Evelyn, "this little boy's mother is a widow with five children; two of the boys, not yet grown, are cutting ice over on the river. They certainly can't make much, as they can't do grown men's work. Our basket of provisions is in the ice-house up at the head of the lake, and hasn't been touched. Isn't there any way to get it down here for this poor woman?"

"I guess so," returned Terry. "The watchman up there will see that she gets it if we tell him to; but we'll have to find out her name."

"Come on, let's go up to the house," said Fred, joining them and bringing the pail of water with him.

"Yes," said the two girls, "come on, let's go up there;" and the party made their way up the hill, to one of the little houses, where the little fellow pushed open the door, revealing a carpetless floor, with a table and a few old chairs, and a cook stove, over which stood a poorly dressed, careworn looking woman.

"Pardon us, madam," said Fred, as he set the pail of water down on the floor, "we brought the water up for the little fellow, who told us his father was dead."

The woman turned and looked at the two youths and the girls, who were well dressed and happy looking.

"Yes," she replied, wiping her hands on her apron, "I've been a widow for two years. It was kind of you to bring the water for little Jimmie. He is very small for such work, but is the only help I have while my other two boys are away. Will you all have seats?"

"Thank you," replied Fred, as Evelyn and Mary sat down on a couple of chairs; "we came up to tell you that we brought with us when we came over to the lake to see the tournament a big basket filled with provisions, but as we stopped at the hotel yesterday and last night, we've had no occasion to use the provisions, so we would like to make you a present of them."

"Oh, thank you," the woman replied, quickly; "I'm sure the children would be very glad indeed to get them."

Motherlike, she thought only of her children.

"The basket is up at the head of the lake, in the first ice-house this side of the railroad station. Is there any way for it to be sent down to you?"

"Yes, sir, if it is put on Tom Hagan's ice wagon, which passes there a little before sunset, he will bring them to me."

"Then we'll tell the watchman there to do so."

"Thank you, I am more grateful than I can say," and she raised the corner of her apron to her eyes.

"That's all right, madam. You needn't try to tell us how you feel, for I know full well that a woman who is left alone in the world with children has a hard time of it. Here's a ten-dollar bill for you."

"Here's another one," said Terry.

"Oh, my!" exclaimed Mary. "I wish I had some money to give."

"This is in your name, Mary," replied Terry, "for you girls put us up to this."

"Yes, so they did," added Fred. "We wouldn't have thought of it but for them."

The poor widow was so overjoyed, she dropped into a chair and cried. Both Evelyn and Mary hastily brushed tears from their eyes, patted the children on the head, and then shook hands with the widow, saying:

"We must go."

"Oh, may Heaven bless every one of you!" cried the mother, and she followed them to the door, where she stood, gazing after them, till they put on their skates and went gliding away over the glassy surface of the lake.

"Fred," said Evelyn, "that visit has made me happier than anything else that has happened on this trip."

"So it has me, too. I'll own up, though, that I've done such things before for that very reason."

"What reason?" Evelyn asked.

"For the reason that it made me happy to do so."

"I'm so glad to hear you say that, Fred, for so few people think of the comfort and happiness they confer when they help the poor that way. That twenty dollars is a fortune to the poor woman, and I am so glad we happened to go up there."

"So am I. If I was able to stand it I'd go around hunting up such families as that to make them comfortable."

When they returned to the pavilion they found that arrangements were being made, by the committee in charge of the tournament, for a number of races between expert skaters at noon the next day. Several prizes were offered, ranging in amount from one hundred up to five hundred dollars, and a great number of champion skaters were expected to be on hand. Quite a number of names had been entered as competitors for the first prize, and among them were several whom Fred knew by reputation as champions of skating clubs in the towns along the Hudson River, all the way up to Albany. He showed the list of names to Terry, and said that he was strongly tempted to add his to it.

"Why, hang it, man, you're in no condition for a race."

"What's the matter with me? Am I sick?"

"No, I don't think you are; but you are certainly not in a condition for another race so soon after your experience of yesterday."

"Oh, you be hanged! Don't say anything to the girls about it, and I'll slip in under an assumed name so they won't get hold of it in time to stop me. I'd like nothing better than to beat those fellows, for there are three or four of them on the list who go around scooping in prizes like these at all the skating festivals. If I win it we'll give it to that widow down there at the lower end of the lake."

"By George, old man," said Terry, "if that's your object I won't say a word against it; but hanged if I believe you can win it against professionals."

"Oh, I know all about those professionals," he laughed, "and am on to all their tricks. Don't say a word to the girls about it."

"What name are you going to enter under?" Terry asked.

"Oh, I don't know. Any old name will do. I'll just simply put it down 'a pair of skates.'"

"No; put it down A. P. Skates," suggested Terry.

"All right; just the thing," and he made his way to the office of the committee, where he entered his name as a contestant for the first prize, writing it down "A. P. Skates." The secretary gave him a card that entitled him to enter the list under the name he had given. It happened that the secretary didn't know him personally, or by sight, so he got away from the office as soon as possible, to avoid being recognized by anybody who might come in.

They did very little skating the rest of the day, preferring to spend their time with the girls in the parlor of the hotel, where they played and sang for many ladies and children who were guests there.

Fred retired at an early hour, saying he required all the sleep he could get, and would be up the next morning for a couple of miles spin on the ice before breakfast. He was up early, and Terry accompanied him down on the lake, where they spent a half hour on their skates.

After breakfast both the girls were very eager to see the race of the professional skaters, and insisted that the boys should take them down early, that they might get a good place from which to view it. Fred hired a boy to carry his skates for him and be at a certain place with them just before the skaters were to start. Then he excused himself to the girls, left Evelyn's side, hurried to where the boy was waiting for him, put on the skates, and joined the list of about twenty competitors at the judge's stand. They were all to go straight down the lake, a distance of one mile, turn a flagstaff, with a pennant on it, which had been placed in the ice, and return. The first one to pass under the line that had been stretched out in front of the judge's stand was to be the winner.

At the signal the entire batch started off with a rush. Fred passed right in front of the stand where Terry and the two girls were seated without being recognized in the crowd. He went speeding down to the pole, but before it was reached the bunch of skaters had strung out into a line more than a hundred yards in length. The swiftest skaters were ahead, the others straggling along behind. On the way back, up to the judge's stand, there were three skaters almost abreast, and the interest of the spectators was centered on them. When within a quarter of a mile of the judge's stand one of the skaters began forging ahead. He went as swift as an arrow. His feet seemed scarcely to touch the ice. Thousands of spectators rose to their feet and cheered him, for every second he was widening the distance between himself and his two competitors. When he arrived opposite the stand where Terry and the two girls were seated, Evelyn sprang to her feet and screamed out:

"Why, it's Fred!"

"Oh, my, yes!" exclaimed Mary, springing up also, "and he is winning, too."

Evelyn was trembling like a leaf, as she leaned forward and watched Fred until he passed under the string a clear winner by more than a hundred and fifty feet. Then she

dropped back into her seat, buried her face in her hands and burst into tears.

"Why, what in thunder is the matter with you, sis?" Terry asked.

"Oh, I can't help it," she cried, "I'm so excited. I'm going home on the next train."

"Why, what for?"

"I can't stay here and see that boy kill himself."

"Kill himself, thunder!" blurted out Terry. "He's tougher than an old army mule."

"Yes," she retorted, "and as stubborn. He had no business to enter that race and not let us know anything about it."

CHAPTER X.

FRED PROMISES A SHOW FOR THE YOUNG OLCOTTS.

The skater was greeted with a roar of cheers from the crowd, and "A. P. Skates" of New York was declared the winner of the first prize, which was a purse of five hundred dollars. The money was handed to him as soon as he took his skates off, and went up to the judge's stand after it. He thrust the roll of bills into his pocket, and tried to push his way through the crowd, to return to where he had left Terry and the two girls.

"Why, that's young Fearnot who won the horse race the other day and saved a lady's life," cried some one in the crowd. And again the cheers broke forth anew, whilst scores of people crowded around him to shake his hand. He laughed heartily over the trick he had played his competitors in the race, all of whom were very much astonished when they found out who he was. Some of them claimed that he had no right to enter the race under an assumed name.

"Oh, that's all right!" exclaimed the judge. "He is not a professional skater."

"How do you know he isn't?" angrily called out one of the competitors. "He may have been a professional, under other names, all over the country."

"That race was free to all," returned the judge, "professionals or amateurs, and he violated no rules by entering under another name."

"See here, now," cried Fred, "it's the first time in my life that I ever skated under an assumed name, and I did it this time only to escape the protests of friends, who were laboring under the mistaken idea that I had overtaxed my strength the other day," and with that he again tried to push his way through the crowd, to go down to the pavilion where Terry and the girls were waiting for him.

He had passed about half way through, when he felt a hand in his pocket. He caught hold of the arm to which the hand belonged, and found himself struggling with a very tough looking specimen of humanity. The fellow tripped him and he fell, but he held on to him with the tenacity of a bulldog, till he scrambled to his feet. Then he let go of the fellow's arm, seized his skates by the strap, and dealt him a blow on the head that stretched him senseless on the ground.

"Thunder, man, you've killed him!" cried an elderly

citizen, seizing Fred by the arm to prevent him dealing another blow.

"Don't care if I have," replied Fred. "He put his hand in my pocket, and there's the roll of bills he took from it."

Another man stooped over, took the roll of bills from the hands of the unconscious man and passed it over to Fred, who held it up, for all to see, calling out:

"It's the prize which was just handed me on the judge's stand."

Then he thrust the bills back into his pocket, and passed through the crowd, which readily made way for him. The pickpocket was taken up and carried into one of the pavilions, where an officer took charge of him, whilst a physician proceeded to examine the wound on his head, which was bleeding freely.

When he joined Terry and the girls he tossed the roll of bills into Evelyn's lap.

"There, Evelyn," he said, "you can go down to the end of the lake, now, and give that to the widow."

"Oh, Fred!" she cried, as she took up the bills: "is that why you entered the race without letting us know it?"

"Yes, that and nothing else, Evelyn."

"Oh, you dear, brave fellow!" she exclaimed, her eyes filling with tears. "I was trying to be so angry with you for playing us such tricks."

"Oh, I knew you wouldn't let me do it!" he laughed, as he sat down by her side, "so I entered under another name and slipped off, knowing that I could beat those fellows."

"Did Terry know it?" she asked.

"Yes; I knew he wouldn't give me away."

"Did you have to strain yourself any?"

"Not a bit. I could beat the whole crowd of them again. It's not like a five-mile race with a runaway horse."

"Well, let's go up to the hotel to dinner," suggested Terry, "and some time in the afternoon we will go down there and give the money to the widow," and they arose and walked up the hill to the hotel, where Mr. and Mrs. Sedgewick were waiting for them.

"Oh, Mr. Sedgewick," cried Evelyn, "just think of it. Fred entered the list for the first prize under an assumed name, and won it."

"Great Scott!" exclaimed Mr. Sedgewick, "he must be made of india rubber."

"Worse than that," laughed Terry. "He's an army mule on two feet."

At the dinner table Evelyn told the Sedgewicks what they were going to do with the money.

"Why, my dear child," she said, "if you were to carry so much money down there and leave it with the poor woman, she would be robbed and probably murdered before midnight."

Evelyn looked aghast.

"It wouldn't do," continued Mr. Sedgewick. "You must place it in some nearby bank, where she can go and draw it out as her necessities require."

"That's so," said Fred, "I never thought of that. We'd better go down there and find where she would like to have it left for her; I don't know anything about banks in this neighborhood."

"You might find out from the proprietor of the hotel," suggested Mr. Sedgewick.

After dinner Mr. Sedgewick, at the request of Evelyn, made inquiries of the proprietor of the hotel, who told him that there was a bank in the village, over on the river, only a couple of miles away from the lower end of the lake, and suggested that they take the widow along with them, so the banker could know her by sight, as well as get her signature.

"All right," said Sedgewick, "we'll hitch up a big sleigh, with three seats, and go around there after her, take her over to the village, and arrange the matter at once."

Within an hour the party were off, and as soon as they were gone the proprietor of the hotel gave out the story of what disposition young Fearnot had made of the prize he had won. The whole crowd soon got hold of it, but there were hundreds who would not believe the story.

When they returned to the hotel about sunset, Sedgewick himself confirmed the story, in the presence of a score of people in the main office of the hotel, saying the money had been deposited to the credit of the poor widow, living in one of the icemen's houses, down at the lower end of the lake.

"That shows he's not a professional skater!" cried out a man in the crowd, "and on the make."

"Oh, the boy isn't on the make," laughed Sedgewick, "for I know his father well. He has all the money he wants, and is naturally a good-hearted boy."

Somebody telegraphed the news down to New York City of the prize won in the great race on the lake, and what disposition had been made of it, and the first thing that Judge Fearnot read at the breakfast table next morning, was the story in the news columns of his morning paper. Both he and his wife were very much gratified. At the same time they were greatly surprised that Fred should be able to win a race so soon after the tremendous exertion from saving the life of Mrs. Sedgewick. Before ten o'clock that day Fred received a dispatch from his father, containing but a single word besides his signature, and that was:

"Congratulations."

He showed it to Evelyn and Mary and then to the Sedgewicks.

"Now, Fred," said Evelyn, "do please let's go home to-day. Mary and I are here without any change of dress, and even if we had, neither of us want to stay any longer."

"All right, old girl," he laughed, "we'll take the next train," and they so informed the Sedgewicks, both of whom earnestly protested.

"Oh, we can't stay any longer," said Evelyn. "We have enjoyed ourselves ever so much, and can't thank you enough for your kindness to us. We would like so much to have Mrs. Sedgewick come to Fredonia and visit us."

"I shall do so, my dear, in the spring," returned Mrs. Sedgewick, "but when we leave here we are going down to New York, where we may stay a month or so, and, Fred, I shall see your mother and tell her what I think of you."

"All right," laughed Fred, "you can't lay it on too thick for mother. She is one of the best mothers in the world, but I think just a bit foolish about her boy."

In the middle of the afternoon the Sedgewicks accom-

panied them to the little railroad station and saw them off on the train. The train was crowded with excursionists to such an extent they were unable to find seats, so they stood up all the way to Fredonia. There they alighted from the train and walked home.

They left Mary Hamilton at her mother's gate, and then Terry and Evelyn hurried on to their own home.

Evelyn ran up to her room to make a change of toilet, whilst the two boys spent a half hour telling Mrs. Olcott of things that had happened over at the lake. She laughed a great deal and actually hugged the two boys, when they told her how they had relieved a poor widow with five children from want, during the cold winter. She hadn't heard of it, nor even of the race which Fred had won.

"You're the luckiest boy I ever heard of, Fred Fearnot!" she exclaimed.

"You're right about that, mother. He was lucky at school," added Terry, "and he's the only one who ever went there and escaped being hazed."

"Oh, Terry," cried one of his younger brothers, a little fellow of ten years of age, "there is to be a show in town to-night."

"What sort of a show?" Fred asked.

"Oh, it's at the theater."

"What are they going to play?"

"I believe it's called the 'Hidden Hand,'" said the boy.

"Oh, I've seen that played a number of times," remarked Fred.

"Well, I've never seen it," said the little fellow.

"All right, you shall see it, if mother will let you,"

"He is too young," said the mother, "to be out till midnight, and I don't think he would understand the play if he saw it."

The little fellow began to cry, but Fred took him by the hand, saying:

"Hold up now, my little man. I'll take you to a show that'll beat that."

"What is it?" the child asked.

"Never you mind now. You just leave it to me, and I'll get up a show for you that will beat the 'Hidden Hand' all hollow," so the little fellow was satisfied for the time being, having implicit faith in any promise made by Fred. So he went and told the other children that Fred was going to get up a show for them that would beat the theater.

Of course, they were anxious to know what it was, and when it would come off.

"Oh, we'll have it to-morrow," he said, "and you'll see and hear things that will make your eyes stick way out."

The children were all very much elated and could think of nor talk about nothing else but Fred's show, which was to come off the next day.

CHAPTER XI.

FRED SURPRISES THE CHILDREN, AND SOME OLDER ONES, TOO.

When Fred made the promise to Terry's little brother of getting up a show for him the next day, he little dreamed of its effects upon the children. The little fellow

asked him where the show would be, and he said they would have it down in the barn. So the next day he was surprised to see a group of fifteen little children, who had been invited over from the neighbors, to witness the show.

"Great Scott, old man, you're in for it," laughed Terry, "for Eddy has invited every kid in the neighborhood to see your show."

"The dence he has!" exclaimed Fred, with a look of dismay. "Where are they?"

"Why, down in the barn. There's such a crowd of them they are hanging on to the rafters. You'll have a full house."

"Say, Terry, can't you get me away?" Fred asked.

"Oh, I wouldn't if I could," replied Terry, "and what's more, Evelyn and Mary and mother have reserved seats, and I believe the old man is coming out with about fifty of his friends from town."

Fred dropped into a chair, gave a gasp and pretended to be utterly overcome, whilst Terry took off his hat and proceeded to fan him, at the same time calling for Evelyn, who was in another room to bring a glass of water, saying that Fred had fainted. Evelyn sprang up and came flying into the room with the glass of water in her hands, her face white as a sheet. Before Terry could explain to her, she dashed the water full into Fred's face. Fred leaped about five feet out of the chair, whilst Terry fell on the carpet in a roar of laughter, in which Fred joined him as soon as he caught the expression of astonishment on Evelyn's face.

"Oh, you boys!" she exclaimed. "What in the world do you mean? You gave me such a fright!"

Nearly ten minutes elapsed before Terry was able to control his risibles sufficiently to permit him to explain the situation. Then she laughed, too. Mrs. Olcott ran in and, on learning what occurred, became almost hysterical with laughter.

"Say," said Fred, "tell the children the show is over."

"Oh, no, you don't," replied Terry, "you've got to go down to the barn and give that show, or I'll have you arrested. They've all paid admission, and Eddy's got his pocket full of marbles."

"Well, you and Evelyn have got to help me."

"What do you want us to do?" Terry asked.

"Oh, you'll make a first-class baboon!"

"Not on your life!"

"What do you want me to do?" Evelyn asked.

"Oh, I want you to coax your pigeons and turkeys and chickens to come in where the children can see them."

"All right," she laughed, "I'll help you."

"Well, come ahead; let's all go down to the barn."

"Oh, wait till Mary comes; she'll be here in a few minutes."

"Great Scott! how many are coming?"

"Oh, the excursion trains haven't arrived yet," laughed Terry.

"Here comes Mary now," said Evelyn, as she looked through the window and saw Mary Hamilton entering the gate.

"Well, bring her along. I'm elected, I suppose, but it's a bigger job than I bargained for," and they all repaired to the barn, where the stableman, at the request of Eddy,

had arranged some planks for seats all around on three sides.

The children were all there, wondering what they were going to see. Mrs. Olcott, Evelyn and Mary took seats, prepared to laugh at any and everything that took place. Fred took his stand at the vacant end of the barn, and asked the stableman to bring out Evelyn's pony. The man went back to the farther end where the stalls were, and led the beautiful little animal out to where Fred was standing.

"Now, see here, children," said Fred, "you've all seen this beautiful little pony before, and some of you have ridden behind him with his pretty mistress; but you have no idea what a smart little horse he is. You wouldn't think to look at him now that he could talk, would you? But he can, and if any of you want to ask him a question, you can do so and he'll answer you as plainly as you can talk yourself."

"Oh, I don't believe that," said Eddy, who was very much astonished.

"Well, just ask him if he can talk;" and Eddy called the pony by name, asking:

"Can you talk?"

"You bet I can," replied the pony. "Haven't I got a month?"

"Gee whiz!" gasped Eddy, and the stableman moved away from the pony, whilst the faces of the little ones were pictures to look at, and those of Mrs. Olcott and the two grown girls were none the less so.

"There now, didn't I tell you so?" said Fred. "Ask him another question." But the children were so astounded that not one of them had a question to ask.

"Oh, don't be afraid of him," said Fred. But as none of the children had another question to ask, Fred propounded a few himself, asking:

"Have you had your lump of sugar this morning?"

"No," replied the pony, "but I've seen my mistress, and that's sweetness enough for me."

"What do you think of your mistress, anyway?"

"Oh, she's the sweetest thing on earth."

"Oh, she's Terry's girl."

"How do you know she is?"

"I heard him say so this morning. He came down here to look after Omar and was talking to himself all the time, like a lunatic, saying he was just dead gone on Mary, and yet couldn't muster up courage enough to tell her so."

"Oh, he's a chump, isn't he?" Fred asked the pony.

"Yes, the worst I ever saw."

"Oh, that's all right, old man," sang out Terry. "I'm on to you. I didn't know you were a ventriloquist. I understand a few things now that's been puzzling me ever since I first met you at school. I owe you about a thousand, and from this time on I'll begin to pay up."

"Oh, stop your blowing," said the pony. "Brace up like a man, and tell Miss Mary you love her."

Mary was blushing furiously, whilst Terry looked as silly as a fool. The children didn't see anything so much to laugh at, because they were overwhelmed with wonder at the bare idea of the pony's talking. They were not old enough to understand anything about ventriloquism.

"Well, you'd better go back to your stall," said Fred

to the pony, "and after the show is over, I'm sure Miss Evelyn will give you a big lump of sugar for the pretty things you've said about her."

"All right," replied the pony, as Fred turned his head towards the stall, and gave him a slap that sent him trotting away.

"Now, you see, little children," said Fred, "all sorts of animals and birds can talk, but we can't understand them. If you notice a hen with little chickens, out in the yard, when she finds a worm or something good for her little chicks to eat, you'll hear her utter a peculiar sound, and all the little chicks will come flying to her, just as you do when your mothers call out:

"Here, children, here's an apple, or an orange, or a piece of cake or pie."

"If she sees a hawk flying overhead she will call after her little chicks: 'Get under my wings, quick,' and every little chick runs to her and gets under her wings so the hawk can't touch them. You notice that when a hen flies off of her nest she makes a great noise cackling. She is simply telling all the other chickens on the place that she's laid an egg, and all the other chickens understand her. You notice, too, that about daylight every morning the big old rooster begins crowing. You've all heard him. Now, he is saying to all the other chickens: 'Here, get down off the roost, every one of you, and scratch for your breakfast.' Then, if he hears another rooster over on your neighbor's place, he flies up on the fence, flaps his wings and crows. He is simply daring the other rooster to come over and have a fight with him, telling him he can knock the stuffing out of him in about five minutes. The other rooster, if he thinks he can't lick him, simply sasses him by crowing back at him. You may not understand all this, simply because you never thought that chickens and other things could talk, but they all understand each other. Now, I'm going to show you how a turkey can talk if Miss Evelyn will get her big gobbler to come in."

The children were actually trembling with excitement, and Mrs. Olcott watched them with motherly interest and remarked to Mary that never in her life did she ever see children so well entertained.

Evelyn sprang up, ran out into the barnyard and called to her pet gobbler. The big, bronze beauty came strutting into the barn close behind her, making a noise peculiar to gobblers, and for about five minutes Fred kept him begging for corn and making remarks about what a sweet thing Evelyn was, abusing the stableman and the cook, sassed Eddy for throwing stones at him, and asked Mrs. Olcott to spank him for it before he went to bed that night. The children screamed with laughter, and Eddy was very much demoralized, for he had shied a stone at the gobbler that very morning.

Then he had Evelyn get some of her pigeons to come in, and upwards of a dozen flew into the barn, perched on the rafters, whilst a couple of them rested on her shoulder, and they talked and cooed.

Then he shifted off from ventriloquism and performed a number of sleight-of-hand tricks that puzzled the children even still more. He went up to Terry, thrust his hand in his pocket, and pulled Evelyn's hairbrush out of it.

"Oh, you rogue!" he exclaimed, "got your sister's hair-brush to curry your horse with. Evelyn, you want to keep your bureau drawer locked," and he tossed the hairbrush over to her.

Then he walked up to the stableman and took three eggs out of his pocket, which he carried over and gave to Mrs. Olcott, saying:

"You want to watch that fellow. He's very fond of fresh eggs."

After keeping that up for about twenty minutes, he asked the stableman to bring him a big basket that stood in the corner of the barn, and when it was brought to him, he turned it bottom upwards in the middle of the floor, and asked five or six of the little boys to hold it down for him. The little fellows gathered around it and pressed down on it with all their weight.

"Now, boys," he said, "there's a couple of dogs under there, and they may have a fight; and if they do, you must hold on to the basket and not let them out, for some of the children might be bitten. Are you going to hold it now?"

"Yes," chorused the little fellows.

"All right!" and then the two dogs began to growl, and in less than one minute the fiercest dog fight they ever listened to in their lives was going on under the basket.

The boys' eyes bulged, and two or three of them let go and skipped out, and every one of the children fled out into the yard. Fred ran to the basket and sat down on top of it. Then the barking of a dog was heard under it, and the fight was over with.

"Well, well, well!" exclaimed Mrs. Olcott, "I never enjoyed a show so much in my life, and I'm sure the children never did, either."

CHAPTER XII.

CONCLUSION.

When the children had all gone home, Fred told Terry, Evelyn and their mother that he had kept his ventriloquial powers a secret from his friends, in order to have fun with them occasionally, and that many a time he had played tricks on unsuspecting people that nearly set them crazy; that he did not intend to let them know it, but when he found that Eddy had invited a lot of children to the show he had promised him, he really hadn't the heart to refuse him; so he proceeded to amuse them as well as he could.

"But I hope you will not speak of it to any of your friends in the town, because they will all get after me for exhibitions of it."

"Now," said he, "we'll have some fun with Mr. Olcott to-night, if you don't let him find out about it beforehand. We're going to have a roast goose for dinner, and you must let him do the carving, Mrs. Olcott, and the moment he sticks his fork in it I'll set that goose to sassing him."

Mrs. Olcott fairly screamed with laughter, and promised to keep the children from telling him anything about it before dinner.

Fred went on Mary's staying to dinner to see the

It was extremely difficult for the older ones to keep straight faces as they took their seats at the table. The

little ones had not been told what was going to happen, as they had been cautioned only against saying anything to their father about the show in the barn that day.

Mr. Olcott sat at the foot of the table with a big fat goose baked brown as a berry, in a dish in front of him. He said grace, after which he took up the carving knife and fork and proceeded to dissect the bird. He plunged the fork into it, and the goose let out a tremendous squawking. He jumped to his feet and looked at his wife in dumfounded amazement. It was too much for Terry, and he rolled out of his chair in a convulsive roar of laughter, and the others joined in, in spite of all effort to avoid doing so. Mr. Olcott looked from one to the other, wondering if they had all suddenly been bereft of their senses. Fred, though, kept his seat, pretending to be as much surprised as Mr. Olcott himself.

"What does this mean, Fred?" Mr. Olcott asked.

"Hanged if I know, sir," he answered. "It seems, though, that the goose isn't dead."

Mr. Olcott looked at it for nearly a minute, without the thought once occurring to him that a trick had been played him. He laid hold of the fork again and attempted to use the carving knife, and again the goose set up a tremendous honking. The knife and fork were dropped on the table.

Suddenly the thought flashed through his mind that Fred was a ventriloquist. He reached out his hand to him, with a broad grin on his face, saying:

"Well, boy, that's one on me."

Then Fred exploded. It took them nearly ten minutes to get over the laugh, after which they quietly resumed eating, and nothing more was heard from the goose. During the meal Mrs. Olcott told her husband the story of the show in the barn.

"I would have given five dollars to have seen it," he remarked.

"Oh, I never enjoyed anything so much in my life," said his wife, "and as for the children, they were a sight to see, for they couldn't understand it, and I don't believe that any of them do yet."

"Why haven't you played it on us before this?" Mr. Olcott asked.

"Oh, I've been having my fun in a quiet way," he laughed.

"Well, you are a wonder, my boy. One wouldn't think that he who had nearly killed himself racing to save a life, with an energy and pluck that was truly marvelous, would have so much humor in him."

"Oh, I've always enjoyed having my fun, sir," exclaimed Fred, "and as for that race to save a life, I was fully impressed with the idea that I should succeed. Had Terry and I not skated down to the farther end of the lake and there saw that quite a field of ice had been cut away, I probably would not have undertaken to catch up with that horse; but as the sleigh sped past us the thought struck me that he was taking the lady to certain destruction, and I was after him before I was really aware of it. And now, look here, Mr. Olcott, I want you to let Terry go home with me, for I received a letter from my mother last night, in which she stated that father wanted me to take a trip out West for him. I haven't said anything to Terry about

it, and I don't know what father wants me to do, but I do know that if Terry is along with me his expenses will be paid and we will both have a good time."

"Oh, he can pay his own expenses," remarked Mr. Olcott, "and I've no objection to his going with you, if you wish him to do so."

"Thank you, father," said Terry. "I'd be very glad to go."

"And now, look here, Mrs. Olcott," said Fred, turning to Terry's mother, "before I left home I told mother I had to either come up to see Terry or he'd have to come down to see me, and she insisted that I should write for him to come down and to bring his sister with him."

"Mother, will you let me go?" Evelyn asked.

"I'll think about it, dear," was the reply. "I don't know how I could get along with both of you away from home at the same time."

"Oh, you've got children enough left," laughed Fred.

Three days later he placed a letter from her, addressed to himself, into Mrs. Olcott's hand, saying:

"There; read that, please."

Mrs. Olcott read the letter and found that it was a cordial invitation for Evelyn to come and spend a few weeks with her in the city, promising her a pleasant time and that she should not lack the attentions of a mother.

Mrs. Olcott gave her consent to let Evelyn go down to New York, and a few days later found the three at Fred's house. Mrs. Fearnot met them.

She gave Evelyn a hearty, motherly welcome, and before they reached the residence the young girl felt perfectly at home with her. The judge also welcomed them in his cordial, hearty way, and during the evening they had many a hearty laugh together. The next few days were spent in a continuous round of visiting places of amusement and making Evelyn acquainted, through his two beautiful cousins, with many other young ladies.

About a week after their return to the city, Fred's father told him that he had some business to be attended to out West, in three different towns, that required the personal supervision of either himself or some one else whom he could trust.

"They are not law cases, are they, father?"

"Oh, no; they are the result of suits that have already been decided. As it is utterly impossible for me to leave the city to attend to it, you must go out there and look after it for me, and when the business has been attended to, you and Terry can visit other places of interest, and see as much of the country as you like. But business first and pleasure afterwards, remember. I will give you written instructions for each case, so you will have no trouble in understanding it and do what is required."

"All right, father; I will attend to it right up to the notch, and follow in both letter and spirit all your instructions."

A couple of days later the papers were placed in Fred's hand by his father, who told him to read them over carefully and see if he could understand them, and if he did not, to ask for information. He then verbally explained all the points of the three transactions that had transpired, so that Fred had quite a comprehensive grasp of each one. That night Fred explained them to Terry, in order that

they both might consult in the matter, if it became necessary to do so.

Everything being arranged, the two boys packed their trunks, bade good-by to Evelyn and the judge and Mrs. Fearnot, and started for the Erie depot, where they were to take the train for the West. It was a night train, and each had secured their berth for the trip. They found the car pretty well filled by a party of young people, with one or two elderly ones. Before they had been traveling an hour, Fred turned to Terry with:

"Look here, old fellow, we are packed in with a theatrical company from the city."

"Well, they are a jolly lot," remarked Terry.

"Of course they are, and you can bet we'll get very little sleep to-night."

Inside of another hour the whole company of performers were singing and making merry at a great rate, apparently taking no thought of any one else in the car but their own little coterie.

"Say, Terry," laughed Fred, "they're leaving us out in the cold, aren't they?"

"Yes; they can't see us at all," Terry replied.

"Well, when they get through singing, let us give them a song to let them know that we can sing as well as they can."

A few minutes later the singing ceased, and Fred whispered to Terry:

"Now let's give them the 'Old Oaken Bucket.'"

"All right," chuckled Terry, "tune up;" and the next moment the two began that splendid old air which has so charmed millions of people throughout the English speaking world. Terry had an excellent tenor voice, whilst Fred's baritone was simply splendid, and before they had finished the first lines of the song every eye in the car was turned upon them. When they struck the chorus, which was simply a repetition of the two last lines of the verse, the entire company joined in with them, swelling the volume of melody to a grand peal of harmony.

"Oh, they're all right," cried one of the actors, rising to his feet and making for Fred and Terry's seat, to shake hands with them.

"Oh, yes, we're all right," laughed Fred. "We merely wanted to show you that we can sing as well as you."

Here we leave our hero enjoying himself with a traveling theatrical company, on his way out West, to attend to some important business matters for his father.

Next week's issue will contain "FRED FEARNOT AS AN ACTOR; OR, FAME BEFORE THE FOOT-LIGHTS."

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SHUT UP IN A TRAP.

By Kit Clyde.

The greatest case of feminine bravery and devotion that ever came under my notice, said my friend, who had been a prominent detective in his day, was that of Margaret Whitley, the daughter of the doorkeeper of the Messrs. Bangshaw Brothers, bankers, in a small town, about the year 1864.

On the eventful night in question Margaret's father had been sent out of town on business for the firm, and she was the sole occupant of the rooms in which they dwelt, directly over the bank. She had fallen asleep upon a lounge, and was aroused by the sound of stealthy approaching feet over the carpeted stairway just outside her door.

She arose hurriedly and threw the door wide open.

She had no sooner done so than two masked men suddenly sprang upon her. The light was dashed from her hand, their strong arms held her in a vise-like grip, and before she could utter a cry a voice whispered:

"Make the slightest sound and you're a dead woman! Do as you are told, and no harm shall befall you."

"Release me and tell me what it is I must do."

They released her after a moment's consultation, and relighted the candle.

One of the men quickly and silently searched the room, while the other stood guard over her. The former presently returned, dangling a bunch of keys.

"Whose keys are these, and what do they open?" was asked the girl, in a low, commanding voice.

"They are my father's keys," said Margaret, "and they open the different rooms and places downstairs."

"Do they open the cellar and the strong-box in which the money is kept?"

"No; one of them opens the door at the top of the cellar stairs. The key of the door at the bottom of the cellar steps and the key of the strong-box are not upon that bunch."

"Where are those two keys?"

"One pass-key is in the possession of the elder Mr. Bangshaw; the other is in the possession of Mr. Hoey, the cashier. No one can obtain admission to the cellar during their absence."

"Come down stairs with us," said the man holding immediate guard over her.

As they went down the lower flight Margaret was surprised to see another figure—who further lighted their progress with the slender ray of a lantern in her hand.

"Is it not possible," said Margaret's chief captor, when they had reached the foot of the stairs, "that one or other of the pass-keys may be locked in the desk of their private office?"

"It is possible, but not likely," was the calm reply.

At the leader's command Margaret pointed out the key that opened the door of the private office and the desk at which the Bangshaw Brothers generally sat, one facing the other.

A small jet of gas, commonly used for melting sealing wax, was then lighted; a bag containing a number of

housebreaking implements, swathed in thick folds of flannel, was next produced, and the desk drawers were speedily forced open and searched. But no key was found.

"Five minutes' honest labor lost," muttered the chief robber. He consulted in whispers with his companions a moment, and then requested Margaret to point out the key that opened the top cellar door. She indicated the proper key, when he said:

"I must compliment you on your sensible conduct in this affair. Now, however, you must excuse me if I am compelled to make you a prisoner for a while. Dear friend, the cord."

The last words were addressed to the masked woman, who up to this time had been a mere looker-on, but who now started into sudden activity. She placed Margaret with her back to a large iron pillar which supported the ceiling, and then, producing from some hidden pocket a coil of thin cord, she proceeded to tie Margaret firmly to the pillar.

A few desperate efforts to free herself only served to convince her of their futility. Then she resigned herself to her bonds, and began to think. She knew that before a single dollar in the Bangshaw Brothers' strong-box could be touched the burglars would have to force open two iron doors of immense strength; and knowing but little of the modern improvements in the science of housebreaking, she had no doubt that those doors would prove impregnable to all attempts.

Her chief anguish of thought lay in the impression that the robbers would give up their efforts at daybreak and leave her release to those who would open the bank at the usual hour—ten o'clock; and eight or ten hours of this sort of imprisonment she was now suffering were terrible to look forward to.

These and other thoughts were still in her head when the masked woman came gliding noiselessly back into the office for the purpose of seeing that her prisoner was still safe.

"You have been trying to escape and find that you cannot," said she, readjusting a knot or two. "Take my advice and rest quietly. At such a time as this we do not stick at trifles."

And she again stole out of the office, leaving Margaret wondering who she could be.

Suddenly a thought flashed into her brain that left no room for anything else but surprise and delight. There, right before her eyes, was suddenly revealed to her at one glance a sure and speedy escape.

The pillar to which Margaret was tied was within a short yard of the desk that had been broken open, and right upon the edge of this desk was the upright gas pipe from which sprang the small jet, still burning, of which mention has already been made.

By stretching out her arms Margaret could hold her wrists directly over the desk and let the flame burn away the band by which they were bound together.

She knew the terrible scorching pain that it would inevitably cost her, but she did not hesitate an instant. She at once thrust out her hands with a swift movement, and so held them extended while the jet of bluish flame played on her wrists and the bands that secured them.

She shut her eyes, held her breath, locked her teeth,

and her eyebrows came together in a wreathing frown of supreme anguish. Over and round the delicate skin and beating pulse the scorching fire-snake wound and wound, with its searing bite, its excruciating embrace, and presently the encompassing band burst into flames.

In a few moments—moments that seemed hours—the blazing ligature gave way. Her hands were free, but blackened, blistered, almost cindered, they fell, helpless, to her sides. Then she gave a great sob and almost fainted. But the returning knowledge of her peril and of the great work she had set out to do (her father's retention of his situation in the bank might depend upon it), re-nerved her, and with a great effort she began to pull herself together.

In spite of the pain in her wrists she began with nimble fingers to loosen one of the knots in the cord by which she was fastened to the post. The first knot loosened, the rest quickly followed. In two or three minutes more Margaret Whitley was free.

Taking off her shoes, she stole out of the office to the head of the cellar stairs, up which a faint ray of light was shining, and peeped down. She saw that the door at the foot of the stairs had been forced open, and that the burglars were working upon the great safe itself. One of the men was busy with a flannel-swathed crowbar, which he was using as a lever to pry open one of the safe doors; the second man was drilling holes in the other door with a very strange looking implement, the like of which Margaret had never seen before, while the woman was lighting these operations with a lamp, held aloft in one hand.

This entire picture Margaret's eyes took in at a glance. They took in one thing more—the bunch of keys with which they had opened the door at the head of the stairs. The bunch of keys was lying on the lower landing, close to the cellar door that had been forced open. Could she but obtain possession of it, she saw not only a way of escape for herself, but a way by which the thieves might be caught in their own trap.

The peril was tremendous! the chance apparently but one in a hundred, of her being able to creep down so softly as not even to cause them to turn a glance in her direction (which would seal her fate), and then creep back with the keys and close the trap upon them by means of the heavy spring lock door at the top.

Slowly, inch by inch, and with no more sound than a shadow, she stole into the doorway and then down the staircase, step by step, counting them one by one by the palpitation of her own heart as she proceeded.

She reached the bottom of the steps, fifteen in all, without causing them to turn a look.

The next difficulty was to pick up the keys, which were threaded on a steel ring, without detection.

Even this difficulty was conquered at last. She took the keys up from the floor without so much as a rustle, and had proceeded three steps on her perilous upward journey, when a scream from the woman in the cellar, mingled with a shouted command for her to stop, told her that she was discovered, and she fairly flew up the remaining steps.

There was a sharp report of a pistol, and, as Margaret set foot on the topmost step, she felt something strike her near the shoulder-blade. She staggered forward into the corridor, wheeled quickly around and flung herself—head,

arms and body—against the open door, which, yielding to her strength, turned on its well-oiled hinges, and, with a little triumphant click, shut up, as a trap, the three thieves below.

She had hardly closed it securely before she heard the two men inside tearing and beating it like madmen in their desperate efforts to get out.

She stood a minute or two bewildered, not knowing which way to turn next. Then she experienced an odd, numb sensation in her left shoulder and, putting her hand up to it, withdrew it marked with blood.

Still holding her bunch of keys, she ran out of the office and down a passage that led to the side entrance of the bank. She flitted out and sped down the silent street in search of assistance.

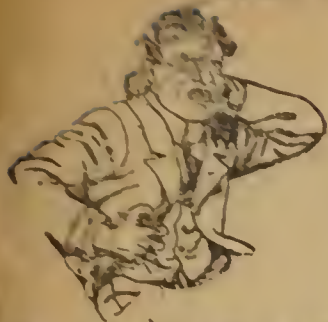
Fortunately, upon reaching the first corner, she nearly tumbled into the arms of a policeman, who was coming from the opposite direction. The policeman at once summoned some comrades to his assistance and a strong posse of officers reached the bank and took the thieves into custody. They were tried, convicted and sentenced.

"I saw Margaret Whitley two years after that adventure," said my friend, the detective, in concluding his narrative. "Her husband was doing thrivingly well as a small storekeeper and she was a happy wife and mother, though her wrists still bore the scorching scars of that terrible ordeal of fire.

The wound in her shoulder quickly healed, and I am sure that, were a record kept of the brave and self-sacrificing deeds of young women, her name would stand high upon the list."

Europe and America turn out for the edification of their children many ingenious toys, but the occidental youngsters have nothing to compare with the strange expanding water toys with which the children of the Far East have for centuries amused themselves. These are placed in small wooden boxes similar to the little paint boxes so often seen in our own country. They have the appearance of soiled shavings, broken matches, and dilapidated tooth-picks, but when thrown into the water the ingenious toys at once exhibit properties that show them to be considerably more than mere bits of stick. The wood of these toys has been kiln dried, and immediately it touches the water it begins to absorb it and to expand almost indefinitely. As it increases in size it separates, and suddenly opens, becoming a very pretty toy. One stick will change into a flowerpot, containing, it may be, a rose bush in full bloom. Another become an obese mandarin carrying an umbrella. Still another will take the form of a sea serpent very ferocious in tiny dimensions. Then, too, there are toys which show as whales, tigers, crocodiles, etc. The figures are colored, and present a bewildering variety in design and treatment. Their manufacture is a trade secret, kept inviolate by the guild that turns them out by the thousands. For older children there are provided larger and even more artistic figures, consisting of historical characters—rulers, poets and soldiers—and dwarfed trees and tiny houses, whose doors and windows are full of inmates, are also among this class. The more ordinary kind cost a mere song, but the finer toys are quite expensive.

ITCH POWDER.



Gee whiz! What fun you can have with this stuff. Moisten the tip of your finger, tap it on the contents of the box, and a little bit will stick. Then shake hands with your friend, or drop a speck down his back. In a minute he will feel as if he had the seven years' itch. It will make him scratch, roar, squirm and make faces. But it is perfectly harmless, as it is made from the seeds of wild roses. The horrible itch stops in a few minutes, or can be checked immediately by rubbing the spot with a wet cloth. While it is working, you will be apt to laugh your suspender buttons off. The best joke of all. Price 10 cents a box, by mail, postpaid.

WOLFF NOVELTY CO., 29 W. 26th St., N. Y.

GOOD LUCK BANKS.



Ornamental as well as useful. Made of highly nicked brass. It holds just One Dollar. When filled it opens itself. Remains locked until refilled. Can be used as a watchcharm. Money refunded if not satisfied. Price, 10c. by mail.

L. Senarens, 347 Winthrop St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

CACHOO OR SNEEZING POWDER.



The greatest fun-maker of them all. A small amount of this powder, when blown in a room, will cause everyone to sneeze without anyone knowing where it comes from. It is very light, will float in the air for some time, and penetrate every nook and corner of a room. It is perfectly harmless. Cachoo is put up in bottles, and one bottle contains enough to be used from 10 to 15 times. Price, by mail, 10c. each; 3 for 25c.

WOLFF NOVELTY CO., 29 W. 26th St., N. Y.

X-RAY WONDER



This is a wonderful little optical illusion. In use, you apparently see the bones in your hand, the hole in a pipe-stem, the lead in a pencil, etc. The principle on which it is operated cannot be disclosed here, but it will afford no end of fun for any person who has one. Price, 15 cents each, by mail, postpaid.

H. F. LANG, 1815 Centre St., B'klyn, N. Y.

THE SWIMMING FISH



Here is a fine mechanical toy. It is an imitation gold-fish, about 4 1/2 inches long, and contains a water-tight compartment which will not allow it to sink. To keep it in a natural position, the lower fin is ballasted with lead. To make it work, a spring is wound up. You then throw it in the water, and the machinery inside causes the tail to wiggle, and propel it in the most lifelike manner. When it runs down the fish floats until it is recovered, and it can then be rewound. Races between two of these fishes are very interesting. Price, 25 cents each by mail, postpaid.

C. BEHR, 150 W. 62d St., New York City.

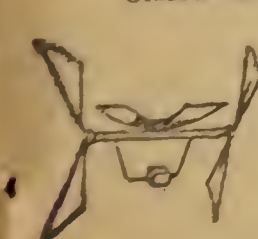
LAUGHABLE EGG TRICK



This is the funniest trick ever exhibited and always produces roars of laughter. The performer says to the audience that he requires some eggs for one of his experiments. As no spectator carries any, he calls his assistant, taps him on top of the head, he gags, and an egg comes out of his mouth. This is repeated until six eggs are produced. It is an easy trick to perform, once you know how, and always makes a hit. Directions given for working it. Price, 25 cents by mail, postpaid.

H. F. LANG, 1815 Centre St., B'klyn, N. Y.

CARTER AEROPLANE No. 1.



Will fly on a horizontal line 150 feet! Can be flown in the house, and will not injure itself nor anything in the room. The most perfect little aeroplane made. The motive power is furnished by twisted rubber bands contained within the tubular body of the machine. It is actuated by a propeller at each end revolving in opposite directions. Variation in height may be obtained by moving the planes and the balance weight. It can be made to fly either to the right or the left by moving the balance side-ways before it is released for flight. Price, 25c. each, delivered.

L. Senarens, 347 Winthrop St., Brooklyn, N. Y.



Solid-breech Hammerless .22 REPEATER

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Sure Safe Shooting for Man or Boy—And a Simple Rifle to Care For

The Remington-UMC .22 Repeater is rifled, sighted and tested for accuracy by expert gunsmiths. It shoots as you hold. The simple, improved safety device on every Remington-UMC .22 repeater never fails to work. Accidental discharge is impossible.

The Remington-UMC .22 Repeater is easily cared for. In taking down, your fingers are your only tools. The breech block, firing pin and extractor, come out in one piece—permitting the barrel to be cleaned from the breech.

The action handles .22 short, .22 long or .22 long rifle cartridges—any or all at the same time without adjustment.

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75 COMPLETE STORIES, by Popular Authors, for 10c. CHAS. UNGER, Dept. 8, 316 Union St., Jersey City, N. J.

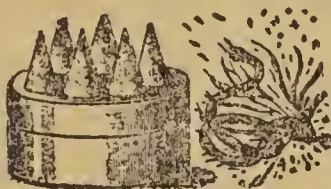
IMITATION GIANT DIAMONDS.



Diamond rings or studs of half-inch and one inch in diameter are heard of in stories only. We have them imitated by prodigious sparkling stones which will deceive the glance of any spectator. Price by mail, postpaid, small size, 25c. each; large size, 35c. each.

H. F. LANG, 1815 Centre St., B'klyn, N. Y.

SNAKES IN THE GRASS



Something entirely new, consisting of six large cones, each one nearly one inch in height. Upon lighting one of these cones with a match, you see something similar to a 4th of July exhibition of fireworks. Sparks fly in every direction, and as the cone burns down it throws out and is surrounded with what appears to be grass; at the same time a large snake uncoils himself from the burning cone and lazily stretches out in the grass, which at last burns to ashes but the snake remains as a curiosity unharmed. They are not at all dangerous and can be set off in the parlor if placed on some metal surface that will not burn. An ordinary dust pan answers the purpose nicely. Price of the six cones, packed in sawdust, in a strong wooden box, only 10c., 3 boxes for 25c., 1 dozen boxes 75c., sent by mail postpaid.

M. O'NEILL, 425 W. 56th St., N. Y.

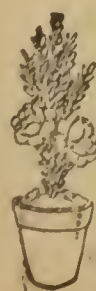
WIRELESS TELEGRAPH



A useful, instructive and amusing outfit. It consists of two telegraph instruments, one for each station. The stations must be within hearing distance of each other. A Morse code or alphabet goes with each set, and, once it is mastered, you can operate any telegraph instrument, and command a good salary. With our system you can send messages to your friend at quite a distance, and receive his reply. Price, 15 cents by mail, postpaid.

C. BEHR, 150 W. 62d St., New York City.

HINDOO FLOWER-POT TRICK



With this trick you can make a plant grow right up in a flower-pot, before the eyes of your audience. An ordinary empty earthen flower-pot is handed to the spectators for examination. A handkerchief is then placed over it, and you repeat a few magic words, and wave your wand over it. When the handkerchief is removed there is a beautiful plant, apparently in full bloom, in the pot. Full directions with each outfit. Price, 15 cents by mail, postpaid.

M. O'NEILL, 425 W. 56th St., N. Y.

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In each town to ride and exhibit sample Ranger bicycles. Write for our latest special offer.

Finest Guaranteed \$10 to \$27

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1911 & 1912 Models \$7 to \$12

all of best makes....

100 Second-Hand Wheels

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good as new.....

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prices. DO NOT BUY until you get our cata-

logues and offer. Write now.

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Tricks, 8 Fortune Telling Secrets, 53

Money-Making Secrets, 22 Funny Readings. All 10c.

Postpaid. CHAS. UNGER, 316 Union Street, Dept. 8,

Jersey City, N. J.

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Ventriloquist Double Throat

Fits roof of mouth; always invisible; greatest thing yet. Astonish and mystify your friends. Neigh like a horse; whine like a puppy; sing like a canary, and imitate birds and beasts of the field and forest. Loads of fun. Wonderful invention. Thousands sold. Price: only 10 cents; 4 for 25 cents, or 12 for 50 cents. Double Throat Co. Dept. K Frenchtown, N. J.



PROF. REGNUS' TRICK AGE

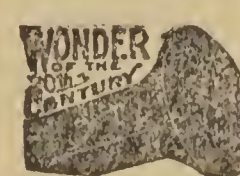
CARDS. Tell the age of any person without asking them; in colors, with full directions, 10c. by mail, post-paid. Address CHAS. UNGER, Dept. 8, 316 Union Street, Jersey City, N. J.



REMEY sent to you on FREE TRIAL. If it cures, send \$1.00; if not, don't. Give express office. Write today. W. K. Sterilac, 837 Ohio Ave., Sidney, Ohio.

STAGE MONEY.—This money is the same as used on the stage of different theaters; one side is GREEN, the other YELLOW, and at a little distance looks like U. S. greenbacks or gold certificates. In packages of 20 bills, each 14c. a package, or 3 packages for 40c. postpaid. Address CHAS. UNGER, Dept. 8, 316 Union St., Jersey City, N. J.

LOOK BACKWARD.



The greatest novelty out. Enjoy yourself! Own one! When placed to the eye, you can see what is taking place in back and front of you at the same time. No need to wish for eyes in the back of your head, as with this article you

can observe all that occurs in that direction without even turning your head. How often are you anxious to see faces in back of you or observe who is following without attracting attention by turning around. This instrument does the trick for you. Lots of fun in owning a Seebach Scope. Price, 15c. each, in money or postage stamps.

WOLFF NOVELTY CO., 29 W. 26th St., N. Y.

FIFFI.



by six inches wide.

M. O'NEILL, 425 W. 56th St., N. Y.

VANISHING CIGAR.



to a friend, as it is about to be taken, it will instantly disappear.

Price, 10c. each by mail, postpaid.
C. BEHR, 150 W. 62d St., New York City.

JAPANESE TWIRLER.



A wonderful imported paper novelty. By a simple manipulation of the wooden handles a number of beautiful figures can be produced. It takes on several combinations of magnificent colors. Price, 10c., postpaid.

WOLFF NOVELTY CO.,
29 W. 26th St., N. Y.

SPRING TOPS



Something new for the boys. A top you can spin without a string. This is a decided novelty. It is of large size, made of brass, and has a heavy balance rim. The shank contains a powerful spring and has an outer casing. The top of the shank has a milled edge for winding it up. When wound, you merely lift the outer casing, and the top spins at such a rapid speed that the balance rim keeps it going a long time. Without doubt the handsomest and best top on the market.

Price 12 cents each, by mail, post-paid
H. F. LANG, 1815 Centre St., B'klyn, N. Y.

LITTLE ACCORDEONS



The smallest, cheapest, and best sounding musical instrument for the price. This perfect little accordion has four keys and eight notes, a complete scale, upon which you can play almost any tune. It is about 5 x 2 1/2 inches in size, and is not a toy, but a practical and serviceable accordion in every respect; with ordinary care it will last for years, and produces sweet music and perfect harmony. Anyone can learn to play it with very little practice.

Price 12 cents each, by mail, post-paid
WOLFF NOVELTY CO., 29 W. 26th St., N. Y.

THE NEW FROG JOKER.



Bushels of fun! "Froggy" has got a very croaking and rasping voice, and when held in the hollow of the hand and made to croak, one instinctively looks around for a bullfrog. An amusing joke can be played on your friends by passing the ratchet-wheel of the frog down their coat-sleeve or the back of their coat. The rippling, tearing noise gives them a severe shock, and they heave a sigh of relief when they find that their clothes are sound and whole as before. A good joke is to make a gentleman's or lady's watch a stem-winder. With the frog concealed in your hand, you take the stem of the watch between your thumb and finger, and at the same time allow the ball of your thumb to pass over the ratchet-wheel of the frog, when to the company you will seem to be winding the watch, but the noise will startle them, for 'twill sound more like winding Barnum's steam callopes than a watch, and you can keep winding indefinitely. The possessor of one of these Frog Jokers can have any amount of fun with it. It is made of bronze metal and will never wear out. Do not fail to send for one. Price, 10c., 3 for 25c. by mail, post-paid; one dozen by express, 75c.

H. F. LANG, 1815 Centre St., B'klyn, N. Y.

JAPANESE WATER FLOWERS



Without exception, the most beautiful and interesting things on the market. They consist of a dozen dried-up sprigs, neatly encased in handsomely decorated envelopes, just as they are imported from Japan. Place one sprig in a bowl of water, and it begins to exude various bright tints. Then it slowly opens out into various shapes of exquisite flowers. They are of all colors of the rainbow. It is very amusing to watch them take form.

Small size, price 5 cents; large size, 10 cents a package, by mail, postpaid.

M. O'NEILL, 425 W. 56th St., N. Y.

HUMANATONE.



The improved Humanatone. This flute will be found to be the most enjoyable article ever offered; nickel plated, finely polished; each put up in a box with full instruction how to use them. Price, 18c., postpaid.

WOLFF NOVELTY CO.,
29 W. 26th St., N. Y.

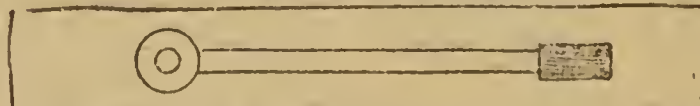
LITTLE CHECKER BOARDS.



Price 7 cents each by mail. They are made of durable colored cardboard, fold to the size of 6 1/2 x 2 1/2 inches, and are so handy in size that they can be carried in the pocket. They contain 24 red and black checkers, and are just as serviceable as the most expensive boards made. The box and lid can be fastened together in a moment by means of patent joints in the ends. Full directions printed on each box.

H. F. LANG, 1815 Centre St., B'klyn, N. Y.

DOUBLE CLAPPERS



They are handsomely made of white wood, 6 inches long, with carefully rounded edges. On each side a steel spring is secured, with flat leaden discs at the ends. They produce a tremendous clatter, and yet they can be played even better than the most expensive bones used by minstrels. The finest article of its kind on the market. Price 7 cents a pair, postpaid.

M. O'NEILL, 425 W. 56th St., N. Y.

THE FLUTTER-BY.



This mechanical flying machine is worked by a new principle. It looks like a beautiful butterfly, about 9 inches wide. In action its wing movements are exactly like those of a live butterfly. It will travel through the air about 25 feet, in the most natural manner. As flying toys are all the rage, this one should be a source of profit and amusement to both old and young. Price, 18c. each by mail, postpaid.

H. F. LANG, 1815 Centre St., B'klyn, N. Y.

LIGHTNING TRICK BOX.



A startling and pleasing illusion! "The ways of the world are devious," says Matthew Arnold, but the ways of the Lightning Trick Box when properly handled are admitted to be puzzling and uncertain. You take off the lid and show your friends that it is full of nice candy. Replace the lid, when you can solemnly assure your friends that you can instantly empty the box in their presence without opening it; and taking off the lid again, sure enough the candy has disappeared. Or you can change the candy into a piece of money by following the directions sent with each box. This is the nearest and best cheap trick ever invented. Price, only 10c.; 3 for 25c., mailed, postpaid.

M. O'NEILL, 425 W. 56th St., N. Y.

LITTLE RIPS TEN-PINS.



In each set there are ten pins and two bowling balls, packed in a beautifully ornamented box. With one of these miniature sets you can play ten-pins on your dining-room table just as well as the game can be played in a regular alley. Every game known to professional bowlers can be worked with these pins. Price, 10c. per box by mail, postpaid.

H. F. LANG, 1815 Centre St., B'klyn, N. Y.

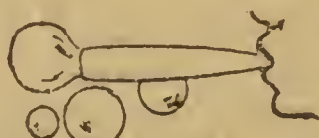
FIGHTERS.



A brand new idea for amusement. They consist of small cardboard figures of soldiers, Indians, swordsmen, etc., and are mounted on wires. The moment you twist the wires between the little figures, they instantly become animated, and charge at each other in the most astonishing manner. No end of fun with these toys. Price, 10c. by mail, postpaid.

WOLFF NOVELTY CO., 29 W. 26th St., N. Y.

BUBBLE BLOWER.



With this device, a continuous series of bubbles can be blown. It is a wooden, cigar-shaped blower, enclosing a small vial, in which there is a piece of soap. The vial is filled with water, and a peculiarly perforated cork is inserted. When you blow in to the mouthpiece, it sets up a hydraulic pressure through the cork perforations and causes bubble after bubble to come out. No need of dipping into water once the little bottle is filled. Price, 10c. each by mail, postpaid.

C. BEHR, 150 W. 62d St., New York City.

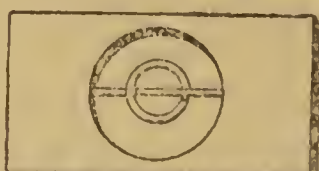
HALF MASKS.



False-faces beaten a mile! There are 7 in a set and represent an Indian, a Japanese girl, a clown, Foxy Grandpa, an English Johnny Atkins and an Automobillist. Beautifully lithographed in handsome colors on a durable quality of cardboard. They have eyeholes and string perforations. Price, 6c. each, or the full set of 7 for 25c., postpaid.

M. O'NEILL,
425 W. 56th St., N. Y.

MYSTIC PUZZLE



The newest and most novel puzzle on the market. It consists of a flat piece of wood 1 1/2 x 3 inches, neatly covered with imitation leather. The cross-bar and ring in the hole are nickel-plated. The object is to get the small ring off the bar. It absolutely cannot be done by anyone not in the secret. More fun to be had with it than with any other puzzle made. It is not breakable and can be carried in the vest pocket.

Price 10 cents each by mail, post-paid

H. F. LANG, 1815 Centre St., B'klyn, N. Y.

TABLE RAISING TRICK

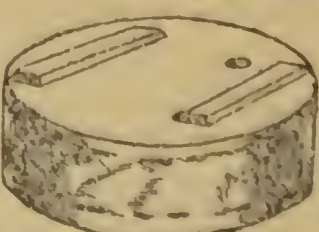


The most mystifying trick ever done by a magician. The performer shows a plain light table. He places his hand flat upon its top. The table clings to his hand as if glued there. He may swing it in the air, but the table will not leave his hand until he sets it on the floor again. The table can be inspected to show that there are no strings or wires attached.

Price 12 cents each, by mail, post-paid

M. O'NEILL, 425 W. 56th St., N. Y.

MUSICAL SEAT



The best joke out. You can have more fun than a circus, with one of these novelties. All you have to do is to place one on a chair seat (hidden under a cushion, if possible). Then tell your friend to sit down. As a startling shriek from the little round drum will send your victim up in the air, the most painful and astonished mortal on earth. Don't miss getting one of these genuine laugh producers. Perfectly harmless and never misses doing its work.

Price 20 cents each, by mail, post-paid

WOLFF NOVELTY CO., 29 W. 26th St., N. Y.

WORK AND WIN

NEW YORK, JANUARY 17, 1913.

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Frank Tousey, Publisher
168 West 23d St., N. Y.

THINGS OF INTEREST.

It has been proved that milk will effectually extinguish the flames from gasoline, or any form of petroleum, since it forms an emulsion with the oil, whereas water only spreads it.

There are two Indian representatives in the Maine Legislature who represent the Indians in that State. They are assigned seats in the rear of the chamber, but have no vote in the proceedings.

To fatten geese, some breeders have a unique way of feeding the fowls. They keep the birds in a dark room, and, by letting in daylight every few hours, persuade them to take six or seven breakfasts a day.

Taking the whole population of the world at 1,500,000,000 people, some idea can be formed of the vastness of New York's water supply. If every man, woman and child on the face of the earth were to walk up to the lakes and reservoirs which supply New York City with water, and each to pour in two gallons of water, it would not be enough to last that city ten days.

Although authorities differ as to the dimensions of the recently launched British battle-cruiser, "Queen Mary," there seems little reason to doubt that she is the largest warship afloat at the present time. Some authorities give her dimensions as follows: Length over all, 725 feet; beam, 87 feet; and displacement, 20,000 tons. She will probably make over 30 knots on trial, and to do this her turbines will have to develop not far short of 100,000 horse-power. The "Molike," of 23,500 tons approximate displacement, required 90,000 horse-power to drive her at from 29 to 29 1-2 knots.

Smuggling of jewelry and gems is as old as the everlasting hills, and great ingenuity has been exercised in the tricks played to evade customs duties. One of the most famous cases of gem smuggling, and one which resulted fatally for the offender, was in connection with the famous "Pur" diamond. It was found by a slave in the Parteaal mine in India in 1701. The man who found the stone

was puzzled to find a place to hide it until he could get out of India. He cut a hole in the calf of his leg and inserted the diamond in the raw flesh, covering the wound with bandages. Limping to the seacoast, he told his secret to an English sea captain, who agreed to take him to a free country in return for the stone. The slave went on board and was never heard from again. The stone, however, was sold to a prominent dealer for \$5,600, and was resold by the dealer in February, 1702, to Thomas Pitt, great-grandfather of William Pitt, of Revolutionary fame. The price paid by Pitt, as the stone was of 410 carats, was \$100,000. In 1717 it was bought by the Regent of France during a minority of Louis XV. for a little more than three-quarters of a million dollars, and now is valued at \$2,400,000. It reposes in the Galerie d'Apollon in the Louvre, in Paris, in the pommel of the first Napoleon's sword.

A FEW SMILES.

Harduppe—The fellow Bjones must have money. Borrowell—So must I. Introduce me to him.

Mrs. Hoyle—My husband has something laid aside for a rainy day. Mrs. Doyle—I'll bet it is my husband's umbrella.

Barnwell Snorts—These are the times that try men's souls. Howler Rantz—Yes; this walking is pretty hard on the shoes.

Mother—You musn't notice that Jones boy. They are awful poor. Bobby—Yes, but he's awful big and an awful scrapper. I've jst got to notice him.

"Are you in favor of reciprocity?" "Certainly," answered the extremely practical Congressman; "when I do anything for anybody I expect him to do something for me."

George—The ring doesn't seem to fit very well, Clara. Hadn't I better take it back and have it made smaller? Clara—No, George; an engagement ring is an engagement ring, even if I had to wear it around my neck.

"That winter scene you painted is very realistic, Mr. Dobber." "I think it must be. One of my models looked at it the other day and immediately put my fur overcoat on. He kept it on when he left and I haven't seen him since."

Mother—Edith, you've been playing all the morning with toy soldiers. It's hardly the proper amusement for a big girl like you. Edith—I wasn't playing with the soldiers, mother. I picked out the officers and played with them.

"What's the matter, darling?" asked her anxious mother. "George went away this morning and forgot to kiss me," sobbed Mrs. Newlywed. "Never mind. Now you will have a chance to strike him for something he mightn't have wanted to get if he hadn't been so thoughtless."

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